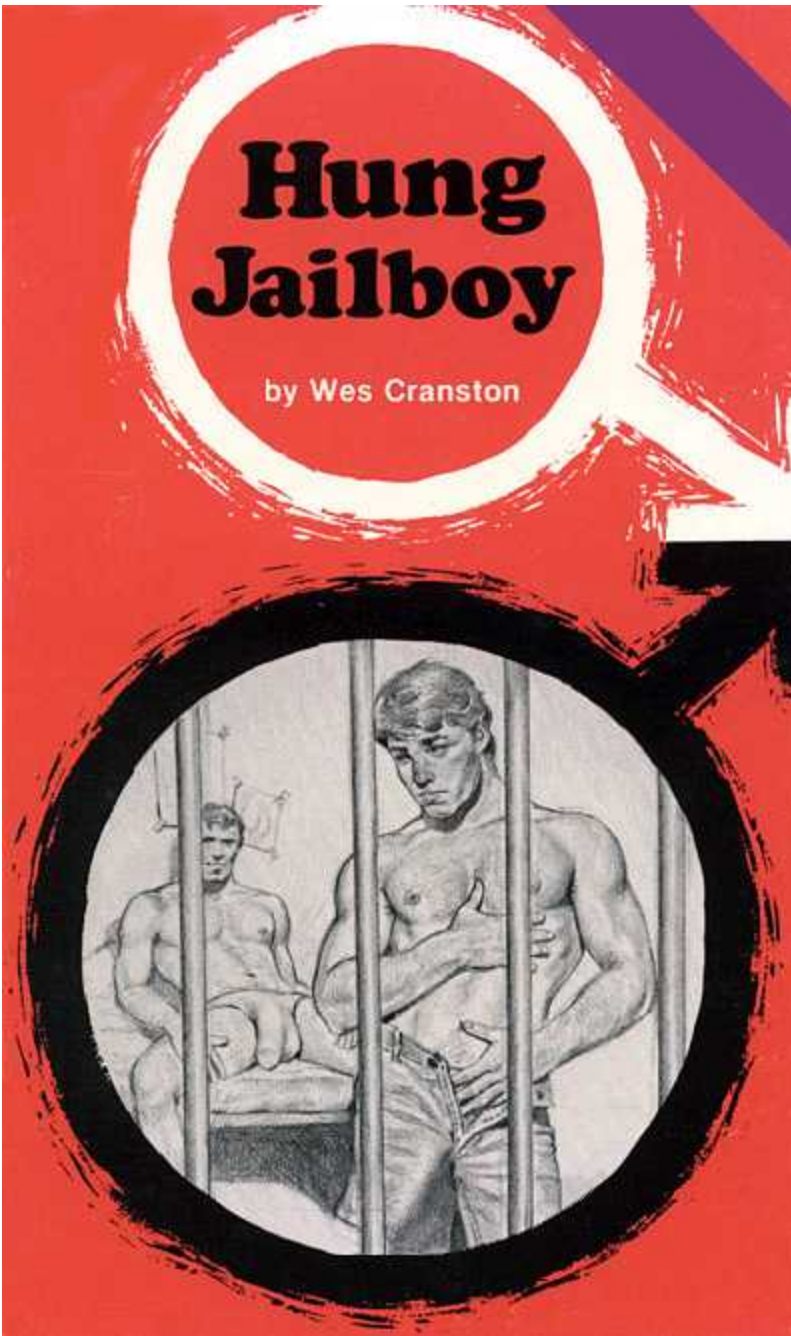


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AC-313 HUNG JAILBOY by Wes Cranston

FOREWORD

The prison experience is never an easy one but for a young man -- being sent up for the first time can be frightening. Young, blond Buster Hawkins suddenly finds himself behind bars, although his only crime was being

young, good-looking and in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong company.

Although Buster was no stranger to gay sex on the outside, in prison he is gang-banged and forced into sexual situations that he had usually done his best to avoid. But with a little help from his new friends he gradually relaxes sexually and even comes to like man-to-man sex.

After his parole Buster turns to another man for shelter and love. But his bad luck follows Buster into his new life and the boy finds out the hard way how tenuous happiness and life itself can be.

HUNG JAILBOY -- the story of a young man and the mistakes young men sometimes make.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

"Beat me, punk. Harder! Crack that whip across my body. Oooh-oooh." The man shuddered.

Buster didn't know how far he should go with this old fart's trip.

"C'mon, you little bastard! Beat me till I come. Make me feel alive. Let me feel the pain. I need to suffer."

Buster cracked the leather whip across the silver-haired man's wrinkled body again. It was like beating up his grandfather. A weird scene. But the man promised to pay him fifty bucks and Buster sure would give the guy his money's worth.

"Now, insult me. Talk dirty to me, teenaged punk," the older man begged.

"You disgusting sonofabitch. At your age too. All you want is a naked teenaged stud to whip your ass." Buster cracked the whip across the man's chalky butt covered with snowy down.

"Torture me. Punish me. Oh God, I love it. You're such a handsome devil, I just knew you had to be mean and rotten to the core."

Buster grabbed the silver-haired man by the hair. "You filthy scumbag, I ought to beat you to death!"

"Oh shit, you're terrific. Hunky teenaged devil! Beat me. Make me come!"

"You've already shot your wad by your age, mother-fucker!"

Buster hit the man across the ass again and again, raising red welts.

He'd practically hog tied the man just as he'd been told to. And then he'd beaten him relentlessly with the whip.

"Ahhh yeahhh. Uurn!" the old man grunted. Piss trickled and then sprayed out of his shriveled cock, wetting the bed in the motel room.

"You pig, you're disgusting. Pee the bed and wallow in it," Buster said menacingly.

"Now it's your turn, baby. I want to drink your piss!" the old man cried.

Buster held his cock by the base and let go with a spray of foamy piss all over the man's face. He watched calmly as the man swallowed his piss.

"Now let me taste that cock, butch blond angel."

Buster shoved his soft cock into the old man's mouth. His cock swelled in the hot, moist mouth. He could feel the man's tongue swab underneath his foreskin and lick up the cheese there.

"Eat my cock, old man. Suck the cum out of my balls."

Buster clasped the man's head and rammed his prick in and out of the man's mouth.

The silver-haired man slurped and gagged while sucking the teenager's cock.

Buster pumped his prick faster and faster into the gobbling orifice, roughly mouth-fucking the man.

"Oh fuck! Shit. Jesus. Here it comes! Take my load, cock-sucker. Swallow all of my jizz."

The man gasped as Buster's shooting cock blasted gobs and gobs of hot creamy cum all over the man's face.

But then, suddenly Buster knew that something was horribly wrong. The man's mouth was wide open and his eyes were vacant. He touched the man's throat for a pulse, but there was none.

Buster dressed in a frenzy. Dead, he thought! Jesus, that meant cops, even if he hadn't killed the sonofabitch. And who would believe him, a young stud stone broke in the room with a queer corpse?

He took the man's wallet out of his pants and grabbed some bills. He figured he might as well take all the money before the maid the cops got it. Besides, the man had promised him fifty bucks and a bonus if he did good.

Out on the I-80 freeway Buster tried to hitch a ride back to Sacramento where he lived. He'd just come down to San Francisco to have some fun, to smoke some dope, hustle some queers, and cruise chicks. It had been this queer's idea to stop at a motel. And Buster agreed only for the money.

That had been stupid, he thought now. Still he often hustled money. Then, when he was loaded he'd go fuck some chick who always split on him later when he was broke again. But he had to do it. As long as he fucked chicks he felt his masculinity was intact. He was still a man, not a faggot like his johns.

Sacramento was boring, especially after he'd lost his job as a gas pump jockey. He had often just pocketed money for oil, which came from the big tank inside the station. And he never rang up the eight bucks charged for changing a flat tire. He figured that cash was a fringe benefit. Besides, the owner paid him below minimum wage anyway.

At least the job had gotten him but of the children's home where he had lived. His parents had abandoned him and he was too wild for foster homes. Now he was old enough to be on his own.

Standing out on freeway now, thumbing back to Sacramento, he thought about the first queer he'd ever met.

Chad Miller had this '65 Mustang that was in cherry condition. He'd stop at the Chevron station, constantly changing the spark plugs and adjusting the carburetor. Buster even loaned him tools, even though that was forbidden when the boss was around.

Chad eventually followed Buster into the toilet at the station one night.

Nervously Buster had skinned back his foreskin and tried to piss in the urinal next to the sink. Chad had pretended to wash his hands, but Buster knew he kept looking at Buster's prick.

Buster was very embarrassed when his prick got hard as a rock.

Chad then reached over and touched the teenager's cock. "That's quite a piece of equipment," he said.

Buster blushed and started to stuff his prick back inside his blue coveralls.

Chad just knelt down on the greasy floor, which was wet with water from the leaky commode. He put his lips around Buster's cock.

"Oh wow, that feels good," Buster moaned. "I tried to get this broad to suck me, but she said that was dirty. Oh shit, it feels good."

Buster rubbed Chad's curly black hair while Chad sucked the blond boy's cock.

He pumped his prick in Chad's mouth. Buster thought it was exciting that his cock was so big -- and so thick -- that it made Chad gag when he roughly mouth-fucked him.

Chad took out his own ample prick and jacked himself off in rhythm to the blond boy's mouth-fucking rhythm.

"Oh man, I can't hold back any longer," Buster said. "I'm going to shoot."

Chad sucked Buster's cock faster and beat his own meat with a blurry fist.

"Oh God, I'm coming. Swallow my jizz, man!" Buster grunted.

Chad gulped and managed to drink all the blond boy's wad of fuck-juice.

Buster watched Chad's own wad of jizz spurt out of his rosy cock-head and swirl around with the grease and water on the floor around the toilet.

Chad stopped in the station several times afterwards. But they didn't have sex again. Chad said he wanted to be friends, rather than just trick. Buster didn't understand what he meant. He had been sort of looking forward to more blowjobs from Chad and he was disappointed Chad wasn't willing.

Chad usually had some teenaged boy in the car with him when he stopped for gas. He had a different kid each time, Buster noticed.

One day the boss asked Buster if he'd heard that the cops had arrested the guy with the black Mustang for having sex with kids. The boss said he thought perverts like that should have their balls cut off for fucking kids.

Buster kept his thumb stuck out, on the side of the freeway, trying to get a car to stop. Suddenly a highway patrol car pulled onto the shoulder. Buster thought about running, but there was a chain link fence along the freeway and nowhere for him to go.

Out there on the side of the freeway the officer frisked the blond boy, cuffed him, and put him into the back seat of the cruiser.

As they headed across the Bay Bridge back into San Francisco, Buster was scared shitless.

"Why are you arresting me?" he kept asking.

"Suspicion of murder. A maid at the motel saw you leave and gave us a description."

"I didn't kill that man!"

"I've already told you your rights. Anything you say can and will be used against you..."

Damon "Buster" Hawkson was turned over to the S.F.P.D., fingerprinted and mugged.

He was questioned by a homicide investigator. "I think you killed and robbed that fruit," the cop said. "An eyewitness saw you at the scene.

Looks like an airtight case to me. Give us a confession and it will go easier for you son."

"I admit I tricked with him," Buster said. "And I took the money out of his wallet. But I didn't kill him!"

A man from the public defender's office was appointed to defend Buster.

At his trial, the lawyer argued that Buster had been in a stage of

"homosexual panic" when the man, who picked Buster up as a hitchhiker, had induced the boy to perform sex acts for money.

The prosecutor argued that the victim had been beaten and died of a heart attack. And the victim, Arnold Lyman, a retired civil engineer, and a respectable married man, had been robbed by the defendant.

Buster was convicted of manslaughter and sent to Vacaville Medical Facility. He was later transferred to San Lucas Prison.

The whole thing was like an ugly, blurry movie for Buster. It all happened so fast.

Inside the gray walls at San Lucas, Buster was ogled as a fish by the other cons.

His cellmate was a hairy middle-aged brute named Bernie Adler, in doing a stretch for armed robbery.

After the testing and indoctrination into the California prison system, where he had been sentenced to do a year, Buster was assigned to do the work detail in the laundry.

It was only a matter of days before Buster was sexually assaulted. In jail, awaiting trial, he'd heard stories about how all young slim boys were fucked in prison. He was determined to fight to the end. No con was going to make a woman out of him! he vowed.

Suddenly he found himself surrounded by several men. He sensed danger and he yelled for the guard. But there was no one in sight.

Buster was then beaten until he was nearly unconscious. He could taste the warm blood in his mouth as he was held down while the cons took turns fucking his virgin asshole.

"Oh God, don't hurt me," he begged.

But his pleas fell on deaf ears.

One brawny con shoved his dry prick into Buster's ass. Another con stood at the blond boy's head and jacked-off.

"Fuck that punk's ass," he drawled.

Buster jerked about and groaned in agony as the big cock was pumped into his asshole. It felt like a knife stabbing into his guts. He heard the man fucking him grunt like a sweaty hog and then Buster felt bolts of hot jizz spurting into his guts.

Just as soon as the first man pulled his limp prick out, a second man with a smaller prick fucked into the deflowered blond boy's ass.

"Let me go, please," Buster pleaded.

The second man fucked quickly in and out, in and out of Buster's ass. He shot his load right away and, despite the cum that lubed Buster's ass from the first man's load, the second man's cock was still very painful.

A third man with a thick cock then shoved his cock inside to the boy's asshole to the hilt and fucked his wiry crotch against Buster's asscheeks.

The man jacking off at the boy's head pushed his slime-covered cock between the boy's lips.

"Suck me, punk. Eat my prick!"

Tears streamed down Buster's cheeks as he was forced to endure the humiliation of sucking off the man's cock. Just as the man's bitter, creamy load flooded Buster's mouth, causing him to gag. Buster felt the thick cock in his ass shoot bolts of hot cum up into his body.

Buster sobbed from the onslaught of slaps and kicks which made his whole body ache. He lost consciousness while his mouth and ass were still stuffed with cock.

When he came to, the brutal gang-rape was over and he was in the infirmary with cuts and bruises all over his face and torso. His asshole was swollen and bleeding.

The guards questioned him about what happened. Buster told them the truth but he -- knew that they would do nothing to his attackers.

"Better wise up, kid, or this will happen again," Bernie said when Buster returned to his cell.

"I'll kill the next sonofabitch who tries to lay a hand on me."

"Yeah, yeah, you're tough shit. But if you dummy up I can get you assigned to the mess hall where I can keep an eye on you."

"Why? What's in it for you?"

"Be my punk. I'll take good care of you. I got connections in this joint.

Anyone touches you and I'll stick a shiv into him. This is prison and that's the way it is."

"But I ain't no queer."

"That's just a label. Better get yourself a jocker to protect you or you'll get gang-banged again."

"I can take care of myself," Buster said weakly.

"You're living proof of that."

So Buster went to work in the mess hall and no one bothered him. Bernie was a scary guy. Everyone knew if they messed with his punk they'd have hell to pay.

To Buster's surprise, he found he liked having a big hairy daddy bear to look after him.

Now he got plenty of smokes and candy, which made prison life easier.

Bernie got his punk a barbell to workout with and Buster started to see his chest get definition.

Sex with Bernie wasn't bad either, Buster discovered. He even developed a taste for the Jew's kosher cock and salty, creamy fuckjuice.

Buster learned how to please his jocker. If he was going to be a punk and queer while he was in prison, he decided he might as well enjoy it.

Just like now in the dark cell at night. Buster knelt between Bernie's beefy thighs and he went down on the man's soft cock until it was stiff.

Buster jerked his own prick while he sucked his stud.

"Suck daddy's schlong. Ah yeah. Marvelous, baby," Bernie moaned.

Buster jacked Bernie's cock-shaft in rhythm to jerking his own prick. He kept his lips around the cock-head and sucked on it.

Bernie groaned. "Oh yeah, baby, here it comes. Take it all. Swallow my load."

Buster gagged on the exploding cock, but somehow managed to swallow all the hot, creamy jizz.

"Sit on daddy's chest and beat your meat in my face," Bernie demanded.

Buster straddled Bernie's hairy chest and jacked his cock in Bernie's face.

"Tongue my balls, Big Daddy," he panted.

Bernie licked on the blonde boy's nuts. He sucked one orb then the other inside his mouth.

"Oh yeah. I love that, Big Daddy," Buster moaned.

Bernie hummed and chewed on the boy's balls.

"Oh shit. Fuck. I'm ready to come. Take my jizz, Big Daddy!"

Bernie opened his mouth and engulfed the shooting prick, swallowing gobs and gobs of hot, sweet teenaged cum. Buster knew Bernie liked half and half -- some sucking and then some fucking. So when Bernie was extra nice and sucked off his punk. Buster was extra nice too and let Bernie fuck his ass in Bernie's favorite way.

Now Buster scooted down on Bernie's stomach. He reached for the Vaseline on the floor and greased his asshole and Bernie's prick.

He lifted up and impaled his ass on Bernie's hard cock.

"Oh fuck me, Big Daddy."

Bernie thrust his big cock into Buster's ass to the hilt, all the way up the blond boy's hot, tight asshole.

Buster bounced his ass up and down on Bernie's big thick cock. He was astonished at how easily his ass took the brute's big prick. After the initial entry Bernie was gentle with him and Buster thought the hot, sweaty assfucking was sheer joy.

Buster could tell when it was time by Bernie's heavy breathing and by how his cock became steely hard inside him. That's when Buster clamped, his sphincter tightly around the exploding cock and drained all the jism he could out of those heavy, hairy balls.

"Want to fuck your daddy?" Bernie asked.

"Sure," Buster said.

He knew Bernie had 'rhoids and sometimes his ass was too sore to fuck.

Other times, Buster knew Bernie wanted his punk's big prick inside him.

Bernie's prick fell out of the blond boy's shitter and the hairy brute rolled over onto his stomach.

Buster lubed the dude's hairy asshole with Vaseline. He liked it when he could fuck his daddy. That made him like an equal, made him feel like he had half the power in their relationship.

Buster inched his giant cock into Bernie's hairy asshole and lay still for a moment. He rubbed his daddy's hairy back and slowly fucked his cock in and out, with deep, grinding strokes. Bernie's ass was hot, tight.

"Ummmm. Oh yeah. Feels good. Fuck Daddy's ass."

Buster increased his fucking rhythm. He used to close his eyes and think of girls when he fucked Bernie. But now he loved the man's masculinity, his hardness, his hairy body, his musky aroma. And yes, he loved to suck cock and fuck ass as well as get sucked and fucked by a man.

Buster fucked faster with shorter strokes. He liked to listen to his daddy moan while he fucked him. He tried to tell himself that he was queer only because he was in the joint and isolated from women. Yet he'd come to realize that deep down inside this was what he really craved-mansex.

"I can feel your big cock is ready to come. Do it, baby. Fill daddy's ass with your cum!" Bernie groaned.

Buster lunged inside the man's ass to the hilt. His balls rested on the hairy asscheeks and his cock exploded gobs and gobs of molten cum into Bernie's butt.

Buster lay on Bernie's hairy body until his cock softened and slipped out of the man's ass.

"I'm going to miss my punk. I'll never forget those beautiful blue eyes."

Buster lit two cigarettes in the dark and handed one to his daddy. He inhaled the smoke and watched the glowing embers in the dark.

"I'll miss you, too, Bernie."

"My shyster says I'll make parole for sure."

"I don't want you to leave me."

Tears stung Buster's eyes. He'd really come to depend on Bernie and to love him and all the hot sex they had together.

"You've got to be hard," Bernie said. "Be a realist. All things have to end sometime."

"Why can't things be like they're supposed to be?"

"If they were, neither of us would have wound up here."

"Do we have to really say good-bye, like you're dead?"

"You won't believe me now, but that's best for both of us. I've had boys before you and I'll have boys after you. And you'll have other lovers --

maybe even a girl -- when you get out."

"I want you, Bernie. Hold me."

After Bernie was paroled from San Lucas prison, Buster still thought he'd hear from him. But he didn't. Bernie's legacy was the promise that his friends in the joint would look after Buster and not let him be brutalized. Buster now had a shiv of his own and was prepared to use it if necessary. Bernie had taught him how to survive in prison.

CHAPTER THREE

Buster was moody after Bernie was paroled. Everyone in the joint was a liar and a cheat, trying to take advantage of everyone else.

He felt lonely and vulnerable without big daddy to comfort and protect him. And he began to think that he was just as gay as any nelly drag queen.

In the prison library there worked a fem con they called Miss Dean. He used all those facial creams a La Tiny Tim and Grecian Formula a la Ronnie Baby, the President.

"Miss your daddy, don't you, baby?" Miss Dean smiled.

"Not really," Buster said protectively.

"Well, as soon as I lose one husband, I get another. Just show me a hardened criminal, and I fall in love."

Buster laughed. He was both attracted to and repelled by the fem queen.

He had to admit that Miss Dean had kept his boyish figure and had a nice round ass that undulated when he walked around in those tight shrunken blue jeans.

"What are you in for?"

"Honey, I hung more paper than Hitler."

"Bad checks?"

"I supported my husbands in style. What else is a poor bitch to do?"

"Love them and leave them, eh?"

"They always left me. I wasn't some tacky Tenderloin drag queen who hung around Compton's cafeteria and turned tricks to survive. I wanted a good

man, but all I ever got was bums."

"Bernie was special. I even thought we'd live together when I get out."

Miss Dean put one hand on his hip and gesticulated with the other. "Baby doll, you're so innocent. Bernie looked out only for himself. A smooth talker. But I've seen him pimp his lover before you for cigarettes when things got rough."

"I don't believe that. Not Bernie."

"A snake. Ask anybody now that he's gone. Humph! His big supermarket robbery where he got thousands was really a stickup at a mom and pop store that netted him twenty-seven bucks, according to the papers."

"I feel lost without him. He treated me better than anybody ever has."

"Sure, as long as he was fooling around with you. Forget him."

"How can I?"

Miss Dean rubbed Buster's crotch. "For starters, let me nibble on your weenie."

Buster started to push Miss Dean away but his prick sprang to attention.

He'd been just beating off since Bernie'd left. Now he felt those silky lips and that hot mouth on his prick.

"Oh yeah. Boy, that feels good."

Miss Dean had, freed the hard cock from Buster's jeans so fast it made his head swim. He was delirious with that hot hand now holding his prick and that fiery tongue lapping at his flared cock-head emerged from its sheath.

"Put it all in your mouth. Take my cock all the way down to the balls."

Miss Dean was down on his knees and lapping hungrily at the huge teenaged cock.

Miss Dean took his mouth off the big cock. "I'll get lockjaw this way.

Besides, this cock's too big to suck. I want that big prick up my butt."

"Let me come in your mouth, then I'll fuck your ass."

Miss Dean jacked on the veiny cock-shaft while he sucked on the crimson cockhead. Buster clasped his hands around the frizzy, dyed black hair of his cock-sucker. He pumped his prick as far down the fem con's throat as he could.

Miss Dean gulped and gagged, but didn't free the throbbing prick.

Buster grunted as his hot creamy cum gushed out of his cock and flooded the mouth of his cock-sucker.

Miss Dean swallowed several times to take the whole load of salty teenaged jizz.

Buster's cock stayed stiff after Miss Dean removed his mouth from the cock.

"Oh, baby, I want that big prick up my coozie."

Miss Dean dropped his pants and knelt down on all fours in the aisle between the shelves of books.

"What about the guard?"

"I've blown him before. What do you think I do in here, read books?"

Buster smiled. His cock pulsed. It was lubed from the spit of the blowjob and was covered with the residue of his slimy cum.

He got down on his knees and shoved his prick into the well fucked asshole. Dog fashion, he rammed his prick in and out of the her asshole.

"Oh baby, what a big cock, what a stiff cock. Just keep fucking me.

Ummmm. Oooohhhh."

Buster fucked with piston-like action. His big balls slapped against the smooth asscheeks.

"Oh God, I can feel it coming. Hot punk cum spraying my guts.
Ummmmmm.

Ahhhhh!"

Buster giggled the way he sometimes did after the rush of getting his rocks off. His cock popped out of Miss Dean's ass.

"Oh, you're terrific. That's a real man's cock."

Miss Dean turned around and grabbed the blond's cock. He licked the cum, shit and assjuices off the flared cock-head before it retreated into its foreskin.

"At least the guard didn't interrupt us."

"I've been in and out of prison all my life, honey. In fact, the judge was reluctant to sentence me to San Lucas. Right in court he said he didn't want to send me to prison again because I enjoy being around all those men."

Buster grinned.

"The worst murder that ever happened at San Lucas happened right in this room, before I worked here. The guards interrupted two mean lifers who were getting it on, called them pansies and said they weren't men. When the fight was over, the cons had murdered both of the guards, and the books were smeared with blood."

"Gay sex don't make you any less a man. Even I know that," Buster said wisely.

"Right on. I surprised more than one asshole who hassled me on the street. Hell, I'd take off my high heels and really let them have it. I'm like a cat. I'd rather run. But if I'm cornered I'll fight."

"Later, Miss Dean."

In his cell that night after lockup, Buster thought about Bernie. He couldn't help himself. He couldn't go to sleep at night unless he got his rocks off.

In his reverie, Bernie slapped Buster around. Bernie pulled Buster's hair. That got Buster excited. He liked the pain of having his hair pulled.

"Hit me again, Bernie. Make me feel alive. Let me know you care about me," Buster whispered.

Bernie slapped his punk across the face. "If I ever catch you with that whore Miss Dean again, I'll cut off your dick. And I'll cut that bitch's throat," Bernie replied in Buster's vivid imagination.

"I won't do it again. Punish me and fuck me, Bernie. I'm your punk. I'll always be yours."

"I'm tired of you. You're acting like a fem lately. I want a boy lover, not an imitation bitch. Besides, there's a new fish just arrived. He's got a cherry ass. Your butt's getting kind of flabby, starting to spread from being fucked so much."

"I'll kill the new punk. I swear it!"

"I was thinking about letting him move into my cell. You can sleep with Miss Dean in his cell."

"No! I want you, Big Daddy. Spank me and forgive me."

Buster saw himself pull down his pants and shorts. He lay across Bernie's knee.

Bernie slapped the bawling boy's buns again and again, leaving red welts on the boy's asscheeks.

"Fuck me, Daddy. Let me know you, care about me. I love you."

Bernie stood over the bland boy. He pulled his blond locks and slapped him across the face.

"Don't talk mushy to me, punk. That kind of talk makes me puke."

"Anything you say, Big Daddy. Just fuck me. I need to feel your big cock up my ass. I want my butt full of your cum."

Bernie gently caressed the boy's bruised asscheeks. He mounted the boy's firm buttocks and poked his throbbing fucker into the dry asshole.

Buster hollered, but he loved the rough fucking because it was Bernie who was fucking him in the ass. The pain of entry subsided.

He fucked back at the invading cock. He took the big cock all the way up his ass until he could feel the wiry pubic bush brush against his bruised asscheeks.

He gyrated his hips and met the thrusts, fucking back vigorously. He could feel his jocker's rock hard cock ready to explode.

"Come, Big Daddy. Fill your punk's butt with jizz!" he said aloud.

Buster screamed as his own cock, throbbed and spurted gobs and gobs of hot turn over his hand.

The guard shined his flashlight into the cell. "Shut up and go to sleep, Hawkson."

Buster put his cummy fingers into his mouth and licked them clean.

CHAPTER FOUR

The poop on Buster's new cellmate preceded him via the prison grapevine.

He was a preacher who was convicted of sex perversion with a minor male.

In San Lucas, like most prisons, child molesters and rapists were considered scum.

Rev. John was in his thirties, a thin, balding man who wore wire-framed glasses. He didn't say much. He just did his detail of janitorial work and in his cell he read the Bible.

Buster felt kind of spooked by this strange man.

One night after lights out, Buster was whacking off under the covers. It was tough to be young and have a perpetual hard-on. He couldn't go to sleep without jacking off. There were plenty of men he could have fucked

-- if he'd want to. But Buster wasn't going to be just anyone's punk.

There was no one interesting around and he still craved Bernie.

"The sin of Onan," Rev. John said.

"What the fuck?" Buster was startled and lost his hard-on.

"Spilling your seed on the ground."

"I intend to eat it." Buster was miffed. "I don't see why that should bother you. I heard that you messed around with young choir boys."

"Just little Joseph," Rev. John admitted.

"He probably couldn't even shoot. Jesus!"

"Jesus is not a swear word, but a prayer word."

Buster didn't really want to hear any religious crap. Like the pigs, he thought religion was the enemy of gay men, full of sin and guilt. He was just becoming aware, admitting that he was really gay and he didn't need any religious fanatic trying to tell him he'd be going to hell in a hand basket for it.

"Oh, I tried to break it off with Joseph. But he wouldn't let me," the Reverend continued.

Buster was interested in anything homosexual. Rev. John was rambling on, like a midnight confession.

"Fat chance you wanted to stop," Buster said.

"Oh, but I did. I knew it was wrong, a sin. Joseph seduced me and in a moment of weakness, I sucked his cock. He said if I stopped giving him blow-jobs, he'd tell his mother. It was ugly. The police came and arrested me in my church. I wanted to die, because of the shame and humiliation from my congregation, especially the deacon."

"Yeah? He probably wanted to kiss a cock himself. Those who are guilty of the same thing are the hardest on you."

"I never thought of it that way before. You're wise beyond your years, Buster."

"I'm an old man compared to super-chicken like -- what's his name -- Joseph?"

"Ah, Joseph. He still haunts me."

"Well, I wouldn't worry too much about him -- especially since he pulled the chair out from under your ass, and you wound up in the joint."

"He had a demon."

"Forget that little fairy. I'm lying here with a big stiff cock that needs to be serviced."

"I couldn't, uh, well, you know..."

Buster stood over Rev. John's rack. "C'mon, preacher. Suck my cock. Try a real man's meat. You'll like it."

"It's wrong. The Lord says He won't tempt us beyond what we're able."

Buster knew there was only one way to shut up Rev. John. He held his stiff prick and pushed it right between the faggot preacher's thick lips.

Rev. John sucked hungrily on Buster's big cock.

Buster clasped his hands around his cocksucker's head. "Suck that cock, preacher. Take it all the way down to the balls. Oh yeah, that's it. Keep sucking."

Buster roughly mouth-fucked the frustrated cock-sucker.

Rev. John gagged from the onslaught of Buster's cock. He gripped the veiny prickshaft and sucked and slurped on the spongy cock-head in the shadowy cell.

"Oh shit. Fuck. Oh, Jesus. Here it comes, faggot preacher. Take my load of hot fuckjuice. Ooooh. Ummm. Swallow it, motherfucker!"

Buster rammed his exploding prick all the way down the preacher's throat and practically choked him with the wad of molten viscous jism.

Rev. John swallowed several times, trying to capture all of the cum he could. He licked his chops like the cat who got the cream.

"God forgive me. Joseph forgive me. I loved it."

"Don't mention that little fairy boy's name with my cum in your mouth."

Buster felt a strong urge to quench this faggot preacher's guilt obsession. He gripped his cock by the base and let go with a spray of foamy piss in Rev. John's face.

"Oh God, deliver me..."

"Drink my piss, scumbag preacher. Swallow my piss!"

Rev. John drank the warm golden pee that sprayed into his mouth.

But Buster still wasn't satisfied. He hosed down the preacher's torso with the golden fluid. In the shadowy cell, he noted the stiff prick tenting in Rev. John's shorts.

He pulled down the preacher's shorts. They were all soaked with his smelly piss.

"Well, what have we got here?" Buster said. "A holy man's hard cock."

"No, don't."

Buster frigged the skin up and down over the preacher's cock-head. He swooped down and put his lips around the pulsing prick.

"Oh God. Holy Christ. Save me from this blond devil."

Buster slapped the preacher across the face.

"Shut up, scum bucket. You'll get the guard here with all that screaming."

"Oh, Buster. Suck my cock, you gorgeous hunk. Joseph be damned. Praise Satan! Suck my virgin cock. It's never been sucked before."

Buster tasted the leaking pre-cum and deep throatied the preacher's prick.

"Suck me, teenaged devil. Keep sucking me. Don't stop. Let me come off in your mouth."

Rev. John moaned and flailed around on his rack like a holy roller throwing a religious fit.

Buster felt the fiery prick erupt in his mouth. Gobs and gobs of salty, creamy cum spurted out of the throbbing cock.

Instead of being peaceful after getting his rocks off, Rev. John started to rant and rave.

"Holy Father, forgive me. I'm evil. I need to be punished for my sin."

"Shut the fuck up!" Buster said.

He grabbed the hysterical preacher by the sparse hair on his head and slapped him several times across the face.

Other inmates in the cellblock started complaining about the noise.

Finally the guard came to the cell and flashed his light inside.

"What's the hell's going on?" he demanded. "Nothing," Buster said.

"Preacher just had a nightmare. He's okay now."

"Keep it down. If I have to come back here again, I'll throw you both in the hole."

"Yes, sir," Buster said.

Rev. John gained his composure. "I'm sorry, Buster. I guess I just freaked out."

"Yeah, well, shut up and go to sleep."

The next day Rev. John was transferred to another cellblock.

Buster figured the preacher must have sold his soul to get the guard to transfer him to another cellblock. Maybe it was just too much for Rev.

John to handle, getting his cock sucked.

Maybe he just felt better living with his fantasy of the fairy boy who put him in the joint.

CHAPTER FIVE

Buster's next cellmate was a hunky college stud named Joel Adams. Joel had been sent to prison for dealing drugs on campus at State University.

"I was just working my way through school," Joel explained.

"Beats selling your butt on the streets."

"Is that what you're doing time for?"

"Not exactly. I offed a dude." Buster said that to make himself look tough.

Joel was silent. He was a handsome brunette with luminous brown eyes.

"If you want to fuck up yourself with dope that's your own business."

"Just recreational drugs, you know -- grass, coke, psychedelics."

Joel looked butch and sexy, even in prison garb. The loose denim jeans and blue chambray shirt suited him.

Buster felt horny around Joel. But he figured that if he hit on the stud right off, Joel might freak out and become an enemy.

Joel took a drag on his cigarette. "I was lucky to not go to a hard-core prison like San Quentin."

"They all suck. San Lucas is paradise. Besides broken plumbing, it's got rats."

"Q's so overcrowded, my lawyer said that five hundred prisoners were sleeping in tents in the yard. He said the prison system in California could accommodate twenty-five thousand inmates, but there are now over thirty-five thousand cons in the state prison system."

"Who was your shyster, some public defender?"

"Yeah."

"While he was giving you the stats, the judge sent you up."

"The evidence was solid. I was holding heavy. They were just doing their jobs, the pigs, the lawyer and the judge."

"Hooray for the fucking system." "You're cynical for your age." "Whatever that means, smartass. But you won't stay a virgin in here. It's like this

-- if someone flips you the bird while driving along on the outside, that's the end of it. If someone says something to you in here, you apologize like a pussy sonofabitch or you fight to settle the matter."

"That sounds dumb."

"Well, that's the way it is, college man."

Buster didn't like his smartass cellmate. Mostly, he had to admit, because Joel was smart and good-looking. But apparently not too smart --

he was doing time.

Joel's indoctrination into prison life was pretty much the same as Buster's had been. He worked in the laundry too but it was in the showers that he was beat up and raped.

"I'm not a man anymore," Joel cried afterwards.

"Sure you are. But you've got to fight back to survive." Buster showed his cellmate a shiv that he had hidden in the wall of their cell. "Use it if you have to."

From that time on there was a bond of friendship between them.

One night Joel was reading a letter. "My brother took over my customers after I got arrested," he told Buster.

"Hope he doesn't end up here." "Naw, he's a lot more streetwise than me."

"I see that he sent you some stamps to write home."

"They're not just stamp stamps." "Huh?"

"They're paper acid-LSD." "Far-out!"

Out of boredom, Buster chewed up a stamp just like Joel did.

"Nothing," he said after a few minutes. "Just wait," Joel said.

Several minutes later Buster felt a rush up the back of his neck. Then everything was in deep color.

"Get off yet, man?" "Un-huh?"

The cell was distorted. The bars undulated like wind chimes. Buster looked at the clling and it was dripping like melting wax. He thought his mind was going to crawl inside the filaments of the light bulb.

Joel spoke in a modulated voice. How you doing, buddy? You look like Wolfman. You need a shave.

The light went out in the cell.

Buster closed his eyes. His mind raced like a train through a tunnel.

"This is heavy stuff!"

"Where shall we go on this trip? How about attending the crucifixion of Christ?"

Something snapped inside Buster. He saw Joel's arms stretched out like he was Christ nailed to the cross.

"What a way to spend Easter," Joel said. Buster stripped the sheet off his mattress and draped it over his shoulder. "I've come for the body of Christ."

"I ain't him."

Buster was going to wrap the body of Christ for burial. Instead he tied Joel's hands behind him and tethered him to the commode in the cell.

"Don't freak and make this a bummer, Buster."

Buster slapped Joel across the face. He felt like his hand went right through Joel's head.

"Untie me, you bastard!" Joel cried.

Buster reached down and peeled off Joel's shorts. He blinked his eyes when he looked at Joel's crotch and saw a snake. He looked at Joel's face and saw a skull.

Buster jacked on Joel's big, hard, rubbery prick.

"Oh yeah, man. I dig sex on acid. You feel like a thousand orgasms when you get off. Suck my cock, Buster."

Buster knelt between Joel's splayed legs. He blinked his eyes when Joel's cock looked like a huge ice cream cone. He swabbed his tongue across the cock-head.

"Holy shit! What a fucking rush. Keep licking my prick, Buster."

Buster engulfed the cock-head in his mouth. It tasted like cotton candy now. He squeezed the hard nuts in their ballsac. He shoved a finger up Joel's asshole.

"Did I come yet, man? I'm so fucking loaded, I can't even tell!"

Buster took, his finger out of Joel's ass. Joel's prick looked like a banana split in the shadowy cell. He smeared the coated finger that looked like hot fudge from out of Joel's butt over the cock, and he tongued the throbbing cock until it tasted like whipping cream dripping out of the piss-slit.

"Oh God, I'm coming. Eat my cum. Swallow that stuff. Put my cock back in your mouth."

Buster lapped up all the delicious jizz that came out of Joel's cock.

"Oh wow, that felt good. Man, I don't remember the part where they crucify people till they come, but that was a super blow-job."

Buster untethered Joel from the commode and shoved him down on the sheet on the cold cell floor.

"What are you doing, man?"

"I'm going to fuck that gorgeous ass of yours. I've wanted to fuck it from the first moment I saw you."

"No, Buster. It's still sore from..."

"Play the Virgin Mary if you like. But I'm going to fuck that ass of yours."

"Be gentle, please."

Buster spread those smooth, hairless asscheeks. He dove down and stuck his tongue into the asscrack and darted inside the puckered asshole. It tasted like delicious sweet caramel fudge.

"Oh shit. Man, my ass feels like it's on fire. Keep licking it."

Buster felt like his mouth breathed fire and his tongue lapped all the way inside Joel's hot, moist asshole.

"Fuck me, Buster. Fuck the shit out of me! I want to feel your big prick stuffing my ass. I want to feel your cm shooting inside me!" Joel panted.

Buster replaced his tongue with his prick up Joel's ass. He eased in gently, feeling the tickle of asscrack hairs on his prick-shaft.

Joel propped his ass up and shoved it back against Buster's crotch.

"Fuck me, man. Oh yeah, that's it. Keep fucking my ass. That's what I want, what I've always wanted. Fuck me in the ass!"

Buster increased his fucking rhythm. He didn't see any more distortions or any weird crucifixion trip. It was just blood pounding in his temples and his prick fucking into a wet, fiery asshole.

"Oh Christ! Jesus! Oh fuck. I can feel the jizz blasting into my guts."

Buster rammed his exploding prick in to the hilt and lay down on the sweaty back. He could feel his cum spewing out of his tingling balls and filling the hungry asshole.

Joel's sphincter snapped tightly around Buster's cock and drained the jism out of his balls. Finally Buster's spent prick plopped out of the abused asshole.

Joel turned around and went down on the cock that had stuffed his ass and filled it with scalding, creamy cum. He voraciously licked off all the cum, shit and ass-juices from Buster's cock.

Buster grunted as his fluids trickled into Joel's mouth.

Joel gulped and drank as much of the golden piss as he could from the cock that had just been up his ass.

Buster felt a rushing sensation as he pulled his prick out of Joel's mouth and pissed all over his face and body. In the shadowy cell, Buster saw rainbow-colored piss splashing all over Joel's muscular body.

Joel wrapped himself up like a mummy in the smelly, piss-soaked sheet and crashed there on the floor.

Buster crawled back up into his rack, closed his eyes and returned to that tunnel where his mind raced along in the darkness.

CHAPTER SIX

Joel became Buster's fuck buddy, his regular piece of ass after lights out.

"Do what you did to me on that acid trip," Joel said.

Buster started by pulling off Joel's shorts and then his own. He snuggled up to the hunky stud, and was turned on by Joel's heavy breathing and his sweaty, muscular body.

"What do you want, Joel? Say the words." "Oh, Buster, fuck me. Fuck my ass!"

Buster poked the middle finger of his right hand up Joel's pliant asshole.

Joel moaned.

Buster finger-fucked Joel's tight asshole, massaging his prostrate gland.

He puffed out his shitty finger and put it to Joel's lips.

"Don't make me do that."

"Lick it, Joel. If you want me..."

Joel obediently cleaned off the shit-stained finger with his tongue.

"Now get down on my cock and suck it till it's hard," Buster commanded.

Buster enjoyed the power he held over Joel. He marveled at how the big hunk liked to get his ass fucked, just like they said butch Marines did.

Joel scooted down on the rack and started lapping at Buster's crotch in the darkness. He grabbed the flaccid prick, rolling his tongue around inside the foreskin and eating the stale cheese that Buster kept there for him.

"My balls, man. Lick my balls," Buster moaned.

Buster's cock protruded out of its sheath when he felt Joel's hot breath and the moist mouth on his nuts.

"Clean out my ass, man. Lick my asshole."

Joel went to work lapping at Buster's asscrack. Buster deliberately didn't use shit paper, so some clankers were always stuck to the hair on his asscrack for Joel.

Buster watched Joel beat his own meat while he rimmed him.

"Get down on my cock and suck it," Buster said.

Buster writhed on the rack and moaned while Joel sucked his cock and jacked his own prick to the sucking rhythm.

"Now sit your ass down on my big stiff cock."

Joel straddled Buster's stomach. He reached behind him and guided Buster's throbbing cock up his ass.

Buster thrust his cock all the way up Joel's ass. He pinched both of Joel's nipples and Joel moaned and panted, bouncing his ass up and down on Buster's cock.

"Oh God, I can't get enough of your big prick. I love it when you fuck me, Buster."

"Keep moving that ass around on my cock. Oh yeah, that's it. Feels good.

Hot, tight ass fucking my cock."

Joel lifted up until Buster's prick almost fell out, then he sat down on the big thick cock.

He bumped up and down, making loud slurping noises when the big cock plunged in and out of the college stud's shitter.

"Give me your jizz, man. Fill my butt with your hot cum."

Buster kneaded, the smooth, firm asscheeks now while he thrust his cock in and out of the bouncing butt.

"Oh shit. Fuck. Ooooh. Ahhhh!"

Ropes of hot cum spurted out of Joel's prick onto Buster's chest.

The groaning of the stud and the feel of Joel's hot, sticky cum on his body took Buster over the brink. He thrust his prick in to the hilt and it exploded, shooting bolts of molten cum into the stud's guts.

Joel lifted his ass off the spent prick. Then he leaned down and ate his own cum off Buster's chest.

Before Buster knew what had happened, he felt Joel's cummy lips on his mouth. Buster still didn't think it was macho to kiss another stud. He preferred raw, rough, sex to tenderness. But Joel's tongue probed between Buster's lips and Joel's mouth dripped the wad of cum into Buster's mouth.

Buster tasted the salty goo that Joel had squirting onto his chest while getting fucked, and he swallowed the mixture of Joel's cum and spit. In the shadowy cell, Joel stared into Buster's blue eyes.

"Oh man, you get me so hot that I shot off while you fucked me," Joel said.

Joel reached between Buster's legs and felt that Buster's cock was still hard and throbbing.

Buster sprang up on the rack and threw Joel down on his back. He lifted the stud's beefy thighs into the air and rested Joel's ankles on his shoulders.

"Oh, Buster. Fuck me some more. Give me more prick. Give me more cum!"

Joel begged.

Buster shoved his randy prick into the stud's cum-filled asshole. Joel's ass squished as Buster pumped his prick in and out of the fiery butt.

Joel managed to wrap his legs around Buster's hips. "Fuck me, Buster.

Harder. Fuck me harder!" he panted.

Buster rammed his prick into the hot ass that wiggled around underneath him and shoved back against his crotch. His balls slapped against Joel's smooth asscheeks as he increased his fucking tempo.

Joel puffed Buster's head down and again kissed Buster's lips.

With his tongue buried in Joel's throat and with his cock buried up Joel's butt, Buster reached the point of no return.

Joel moaned with his ass stuffed with cock -- rock hard cock that soon spurted gobs and gobs of hot cum into his asshole. Joel freed himself from the stiff prick for a moment. Then he lay on his side and guided Buster's hard cock right back up his asshole.

Joel grabbed his own cock and stroked it. "Oh wow! Man, I love to feel that big cock of yours up my ass!" Joel said.

Joel continued jacking his cock. Buster reached around and squeezed Joel's balls. He pushed Joel's hand away and started jerking Joel's prick. It felt good to jack-off Joel while his cock was buried up Joel's ass.

Joel grunted as gobs and gobs of hot cum spurted out of his prick.

Buster caught some and then put his fingers in his mouth and tasted more of Joel's fuckjuice.

It had felt so good, the asshole spasming around his cock when Joel shot his load. And the taste of Joel's cum in his mouth after he licked his fingers was so delicious that Buster started plowing his cock into Joel's hot ass again.

"Oh yeah, man. Fuck me some more. I can't get enough of your prick and your cum."

Lying on his side, Buster stroked Joel's soft hair with one hand and squeezed Joel's ass with the other hand while he pumped in and out of the

hot, tight, cum-loaded asshole.

"Oh shit. Fuck. Jesus, I can feel it shooting a third load of cum up my ass. Ooooh. God, I love it. Hot cum shooting into my ass."

Buster's cock softened and slipped out of the hot asshole. He saw his cum drip out of Joel's shitter.

Buster was excited by the triple load of cum that he'd deposited up the butch stud's shitter.

"Oh fuck, my ass is sore. It hurts so good," Joel laughed.

Buster scooted down on the rack. He spread the stud's smooth asscheeks and tongued the asscrack, lapping up the cum draining out of Joel's shitter. He hungrily sucked the salty, creamy cum out of the tangy-smelling fuckhole.

The romance with Joel ended when Buster heard that Joel was taking on all corners in the laundry. The beautiful stud had become a slut and would let anybody who wanted to fuck him.

Buster noticed that the more Joel was fucked, the more effeminate he acted, like some nelly princess. The new Joel turned off Buster completely. He couldn't believe that such a heavy-hung, manly stud could transform into such a fem.

Joel now let only black men fuck him. He believed that blacks had bigger dicks and were boner sex. Because of the racial problems in prison, no white dudes fucked Joel at all anymore.

Buster smoked grass with Joel, who seemed to have an endless stash. Joel popped speed pills all the time and talked to himself a lot.

Buster gradually went back to beating his meat alone and thinking about a big hairy daddy bear to take care of him. He still wanted somebody like Bernie.

In the library Miss Dean camped. "I once had a dinge lover. I like licorice myself, honey. But he just wanted to pimp my ass."

"Joel's too young for me. I like a real man, not some dizzy bitch."

"Maybe you should take out an ad."

Buster laughed.

"In one of those fag rags in San Francisco. They give prisoners free pen pal ads."

"Guys do that just to con some lonely fag." "It's worth a shot."

Buster thought about it a while and then sent off an ad to the "Gay Star".

Blond, blue-eyed eighteen-year-old looking for a hairy daddy bear. No JO letters, sincere only. Buster Hawkson. San Lucas Prison, CA.

Miss Dean inserted the part about no jackoff letters.

Buster waited for a response to his ad, not really expecting anything good to come from it.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A few letters trickled in to Buster as a result of his free ad in the fag rag. Mostly the letters contained jack-off fantasy stuff, just like Miss Dean said.

One man said he'd like a teenaged prison punk to stick pins in his balls.

Another man said he'd like to have hot wax dripped onto his tits.

Another man said he'd like to watch a kid have sex with his dog.

Another man complained that he knew Buster wasn't an eighteen-year-old blond boy, but an old black lifer con trying to rip off gay men, and he was sending a copy of the ad to the FBI.

Only one letter seemed sincere:

Dear Buster,

I'd like to introduce myself -- Ted Brooks.

I remember reading about the Hawkson case in the newspapers. And I was struck by how handsome you were in that newspaper photo.

I don't live in the fast lane of gay life; no bars, no tubs. I've searched Folsom, Polk and the Castro-looking for love in all the wrong places, like the song says.

I hope you'll write to me about yourself. I'd like to get to know you and help you if possible. Please write soon.

Love,

Daddy

Buster scrubbed the kitchen area and secured it. He went to the showers to clean all the crud off himself.

He turned on the hot water and sweated in the steamy haze. Alone and horny, he jacked on his cock. He lathered up his crotch with soap. He pumped his prick, watching his rosy cock-head, out of its hood glisten with soap.

He soaped his ass and stuck the middle finger of his left hand up his asshole while he jacked off with his right hand.

He removed his finger from his shitter. Still jacking his prick, he pinched his left nipple, then his right one, feeling the wave of electricity run through his body.

In his left hand, he cupped his hard nuts in their ballsac. He jerked his prick faster and faster.

He imagined his new friend. Ted, a big hairy daddy bear. He'd be ornery and daddy would have to spank him. Daddy would whip his ass until it was sore. Then daddy would fuck him rough and make him behave. Buster put his finger back up his butt, imagining it was daddy's hard cock. He finger fucked himself and beat off at the same time.

"Oh fuck me, Daddy. I'll behave and do anything you want. Just keep fucking me."

Buster felt the cum stir in his balls, rush up his shaft and shoot into the air when he pulled his finger out of his asshole.

Buster licked the salty goo that was on his right hand. And he licked off the tangy shit stains on his left hand.

"All right, Hawkson. I know that's you. Come out of there."

Buster squinted in the steamy haze. He shut off the shower. It was Coons, the old bull.

"Well, look what we got here." Coons had the Marlboro pack out of Buster's chambray shirt. He also fished out the joint.

Buster had meant to smoke that joint he'd gotten from Joel before he left the kitchen.

But he had been so sweaty and horny he rushed right into the showers.

"This could put you in the hole, maybe add a little to your time."

"C'mon, Coons. It's just grass. Give me a break."

"I'm in the twilight of my career. I've seen plenty of punks like you.

That was quite a little jack-off session in the showers, from what I could see in the steam."

"Don't turn me in, Coons."

"Maybe we could make a deal. I always did like a punk to honk on me."

Coons groped himself.

Buster nodded, although the prospect of sucking Coons' cock made him want to puke.

Coons sat down on a bench. His potbelly was so big that Buster figured he had to look in the mirror to see his cock.

Buster knelt naked on the floor between the bull's legs.

Coons unzipped and took out his shriveled up cock.

"Kiss my cock, punk." Buster licked on the limp prick. "Put it in your mouth, punk."

Buster closed his eyes and sucked on the cock-head.

"Oooh-ohhh. Suck me, punk. Keep sucking me."

Buster was repelled by the rancid taste of the cock that smelled like Limburger cheese.

Coons moaned while Buster sucked. Buster kept thinking that if Bernie was still around Coons wouldn't get away with this sort of blackmail.

"Ooooh-ooooh." Coons moaned. "I'm going to come. Ummm. Ooooh, I'm coming!"

Buster expected some vile-tasting cum, but nothing came out of Coons' piss-hole.

Coons pulled his shriveled cock out of Buster's mouth, and zipped up.

"Now get dressed and get out of here." "Can I have the joint?" Coons tossed the joint into the commode and flushed it.

Back in his cell, Buster brushed his teeth to get the taste of Coons out of his mouth.

Buster noted that Joel was sitting in another cell playing chess with a big black dude. He marveled at how many cons knew how to play chess, supposedly an intellectual game.

Buster sprawled on his rack with a pen and notebook and wrote: Dear Ted,

Thanks for answering my ad. It gets lonely in prison.

As you know, I'm not in here for jaywalking. But I swear that what happened was an accident. I wouldn't hurt a fly -- unless it was open!

From your letter, I just know we'll get along. Since I never knew my real daddy, I guess that's why I'm still looking for one.

I'm a brat and need someone to keep me in line. I'll do anything in bed to please my daddy.

Could you send me a stamp when you write? I'm stone broke. But I've got a lot of love to give to my daddy.

Love,

Buster

Buster read over the letter. He didn't want it to sound too demanding and scare the man off. He really wanted a daddy, and he could use someone on the outside to help him get a place to stay and a job when he came up for parole.

Joel returned to the cell at lights out time. "How's your love life?"

Joel asked.

"I'm going to have to shave the hair off the palm of my hand," Buster answered.

"That bad?"

"Un-huh. You'll solve the race problem in prison balling all those bloods."

"Except the one I was playing chess with. Otis is playing hard to get."

"Probably wants to pimp."

"Humph."

Buster considered fucking Joel's ass, even if it was full of black man's cum. But when he looked over at Joel in the shadows and heard his cellmate's even breathing, he knew Joel was out cold.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Spring rolled around and Buster was up for parole. Time seemed to stand still in the joint and most people on the outside seemed to forget about you.

Buster was surprised that his correspondence with Ted had flourished.

They were exchanging letters regularly now and Buster enjoyed their increasingly erotic content.

Ted described how he'd treat and reform a horny prison stud. He said he would use whatever force was necessary to subdue the punk -- strip the youth naked and cuff him. He'd make the punk reform by taking it out on his ass. Hadn't Warden Duffy at San Quentin said that all crime was sex related?

Buster had had more than one hot jack-off session thinking about being punished by his daddy and then being fucked by him. He had more than one wet dream where he'd been bound and whipped and roughly fucked until he woke up with sticky shorts.

He'd just written to Ted, thanking him for the money he sent for smokes and canteen extras. Buster gladly accepted Ted's offer of a place to stay until he got on his feet again. And Buster promised he would show his appreciation by being an obedient son.

Buster had practically moved into his fantasy world with his dream lover Teddy Bear, his own pet name for Ted Brooks.

But then a new prisoner came to his cell block. Anthony Marti was an Italian stallion in his early twenties. He had been involved in a string of burglaries of wealthy San Francisco society people who lived in Pacific Heights.

Buster shared smokes with Marti in the prison yard. They worked together doing shit detail in the prison mess hall.

Marti was tough. He'd done time before on a burglary rap. He was swarthy and exuded sex. He had curly black hair, steel gray eyes and pouty lips.

He was short and muscular with big biceps, a defined chest, narrow waist and firm round ass that drove Buster nuts. How he wanted to stroke those buns while Marti fucked him in the ass.

Buster stood in the sun in the yard and stared at Marti's crotch. He'd love to suck that prick until it was rock hard. He even imagined the hunky wop's prick would taste like garlic.

"I shouldn't have given that hustler the ring. Shot down by jailbait. The little shit tried to pan the ring to buy grass with the money, and the pigs nailed him. They told him he could go free if he fingered me."

Buster listened to Marti's account of the fall that had led him to San Lucas.

"So you're in prison and the hustler is still on the streets?" Buster asked.

"No way. The pigs busted him for selling dope, and sent his ass to the Youth Authority."

From Marti's rambling story, Buster figured the butch Italian stud probably fucked chicken because he never mentioned women.

After securing the kitchen that night, Marti rubbed his crotch.

"You've been gawking at this long enough," he said to Buster. "It's about time you sucked it."

"How much is it going to cost me?"

"Some smokes." Marti grinned. "And maybe your ass."

"Where?" Buster said a bit too eagerly. He was already drooling.

"In the supply closet. That way if old Coons the bull sniffs around he won't see anything."

Thinking about Coons made Buster lose his hard-on. He remembered the guy's old moldy dick and the dry suck.

Inside the supply closet, Buster ogled Marti. God, he was gorgeous! And he wanted his cock sucked.

Buster knelt down on the floor. He loosened Marti's belt and shimmied down his denim jeans. Marti's prick was half-hard and his huge balls balanced the hefty cock-meat.

Buster's prick raged in his pants. He put his hand around Marti's cock-shaft and squeezed the loose skin up over the bulbous rosy cock head until clear pre-cum leaked from the piss slit.

Marti moaned. "Suck it, Buster. Suck my cock!"

Buster ovaled his lips around the spongy cock-head. He released his grip on the prickshaft and engulfed the veiny cock down his throat. He reached behind and kneaded those smooth, firm asscheeks.

Marti rubbed Buster's blond locks as he pumped his prick in and out of the boy's hungry mouth.

Buster reached down and freed his own cock. He groaned and instantly cum spurted out of his cock. He felt the sticky goo on his fingers.

Marti clasped his hands around Buster's head and rammed his big thick cock all the way down Buster's throat. The big hairless balls slapped against Buster's chin, making the boy drool as Marti's cock fucked deeper and deeper down Buster's throat.

"Oh yeah, man. Hot, wet mouth on my big cock. Suck it, man. Keep sucking it!"

Buster reached around, for Marti's ass. He rubbed the goo from the load he'd shot onto his fingers into Marti's warm, hairless asscrack.

"Oh shit. Fuck. Here it comes, man!" Marti grunted, ramming his exploding prick all the way down Buster's throat.

Buster thought he was going to be choked to death, but he didn't care. He felt the Italian's spicy cum jetting down his throat and flooding his mouth.

Marti removed his giant cock from Buster's mouth.

A drop of pearly white cum clung to Marti's piss-slit. Buster eagerly lapped it up, the last drop.

Marti shoved Buster down on the floor. Then he was on Buster's face.

"Eat that sticky stuff you rubbed into my ass."

Buster lapped up the encrusted cum on Marti's hairless asscrack. He tasted the tangy asshole and blew air into the asspucker.

Marti farted and Buster nearly fainted from the smelly gas. Buster touched Marti's smooth asscheeks, and Buster's cock throbbed.

Marti grunted and a small steamy turd dropped out.

"Eat it, Buster. Eat my shit!" he said cruelly.

"No," Buster protested, keeping his teeth clenched.

Marti picked up the shit and rubbed it all over Buster's lips, forcing him to taste it.

Buster couldn't understand how he liked the taste of shit. He knew that it was only because it was from Marti's ass.

Marti became excited watching Buster lick his chops. He roughly rolled Buster over onto his belly and pulled down Buster's jeans.

Buster could feel the burning cock poking into his asscrack. It was so hot, so dry. But that was the way he wanted it.

"Shove that big cock up my ass. Oh, Marti. I love it. I love your prick in my butt!"

Once past the pain of penetration, Buster moaned softly from the rush of pleasure and from knowing that it was Marti's big cock stabbing into his shitter.

"Oh God, Buster. It's so tight. Such a hot ass, made to be fucked."

"Do it, Marti. Fuck me. Harder! Oh yeah, that's it. Don't stop. Keep fucking me!"

Buster shoved his ass back at the invading cock-meat. He'd never been so hot before, the taste of Marti's cum and shit in his mouth driving him wild.

Marti fucked furiously with piston-like action. Buster shoved back stroke for stroke, grating his ass against Buster's wiry pubic bush.

Buster's ass was on fire with the Italian's hot cock. It was as though the prodding prick that seared his asshole forced the cum out of Buster's balls. He felt the jism rush up his cock-shaft and explode in spurts out of his piss-slit. His asshole spasmed.

"Holy fuck! I'm coming, man. Take it. Take my jizz, man!" Marti roared.

Buster felt his ass getting sprayed with jets of scalding cum. He clamped his sphincter tightly around the exploding cock, milking all the cum he could out of those big balls.

Marti's cock softened and slurped out of Buster's asshole. Then Buster turned around and licked the cum and shit strains off the Italian's cockhead.

"Better clean up the mess on the floor, too," Marti said.

Buster eagerly lapped up his own pool of cum. He liked the taste of his cum mixed with Marti's.

When they left the kitchen, they ran into Coons, the guard.

"What the hell are you two doing?" "Nothing," Buster said. "The area is all secured now, sir."

CHAPTER NINE

Buster couldn't get the taste of Anthony Marti out of his mouth. He was even beginning to think he didn't want to be paroled. But that was stupid, he told himself. Marti was just an infatuation, just another prison romance.

Buster bought some grass from Joel and schemed with Miss Dean, giving him the weed to arrange a meeting with Marti in the prison library.

Marti didn't waste any time in rushing to the library.

"Oh, this is like a typical Hollywood party," Miss Dean camped. "Nine guys and a girl. And the girl's the lookout. I'm always that girl."

"Gimme some head, Buster."

Buster put his mouth around the bulge of denim. He took out Marti's stiffening prick and wrapped his lips around it.

Maui moaned. "Oh yeah, man. That feels good."

While Buster sucked him, Marti reached down inside Buster's chambray shin and roughly tweaked his nipples.

Buster panted as waves of pain and pleasure coursed through his body. He held Marti's cock-head and did a butterfly flick on the veiny shaft, which glistened with his spit.

His asshole twitched. He wanted to feel the monstrous prick rammed, up his butt so bad! He wanted to have his gut full of Marti's hot, creamy cum.

Buster pulled down his pants, his lips still wrapped around Marti's cock.

Then he removed his mouth from the rock-hard cock and jacked on it.

"Get inside me, Marti. I want to get fucked. I want to feel your juicy cock stuffed up my ass!" Buster groaned.

Buster got down on all fours with his round, smooth ass protruding in the air. The spit on Marti's prick from the blow-job and his leaking pre-cum lubed Buster's Ass.

Buster screamed from the entry pain of the fiery cock that seared his asshole.

Marti kneaded Buster's asscheeks while he humped him. He leaned forward, reaching under his fuck partner and pinching Buster's tits.

"Oh, Marti, you get me so fucking hot!" Buster cried.

While Marti plugged Buster's ass, the blond bucked back at Marti's crotch.

Marti's big cut cock was all the way inside Buster. He gyrated his hips slowly, grinding his prick inside Buster's hot asshole, massaging Buster's prostate.

Marti began humping with long, deep strokes, fucking all the way inside Buster's ass, pulling back until his prick came almost all the way out, then thrusting inside to the hilt again.

Buster's butt made a slurping sound as the giant prick fucked it. He felt the other stud's big, pendulous balls slap against his asscheeks.

"Harder, Marti. Fuck me harder!"

Buster's prick poked out of its sheath and throbbed while he was getting fucked.

Buster wiggled his hips around as he shoved back at the invading fuckmeat.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Miss Dean, who was obviously turned on by watching the heavy-duty fucking that was going on. Miss Dean had his ample cock out and was jacking off, Buster saw with a smile.

Miss Dean came closer and touched the slimy, fiery prick that fucked into the blond boy's ass. Then he also rubbed the blond's smooth assmounds.

Miss Dean scooted underneath Buster and wrapped his lips around Buster's pulsing prick.

Buster moaned loudly. "Ummmmm. Big Italian cock stuffing my butt. Hot mouth on my prick. Feels so fucking good!"

Marti increased his fucking tempo, slamming his giant prick in and out of the blond's buttohole.

Buster could feel Marti's cock become steely hard in his ass. The pressure from the ramming cock in his butt forced Buster's cock deep into Miss Dean's hungry throat.

"Oh fuck. Shit. Oh Jesus. Here it comes. Take my jizz."

Buster felt the hard cock explode up his ass, shooting bolts of molten cum into his asshole. At the same moment he grunted and spewed a wad of creamy cum into Miss Dean's mouth.

Miss Dean swallowed the hot cum and fisted his own prick until a coat of clear jism covered his crimson cock-head.

After Miss Dean crawled away, Buster lay prone on the floor, his ass still stuffed with Marti's big prick.

Buster loved the feeling of the sweaty, panting hunk lying on top of him.

He thought Marti's softening prick was going to fall out of his loosened asshole.

Marti groaned and Buster felt a trickle of fluid inside his ass. In a moment, he felt Marti spraying his guts with warm piss.

"Oh Jesus, what a fucking rush," Buster said.

Marti then removed his prick from the swollen, abused buttohole.

Buster felt cum and piss drain out of his ass and run down his thighs.

When he stood up, his sphincter opened and a puddle of smelly liquid shit, piss and cum gushed out of his asshole.

"Not to worry," Miss Dean said, quickly spreading out some newspapers over the mess.

Suddenly there was a loud noise and hollering. Then an alarm went off.

"What the hell's going on?" Buster screamed.

For a brief moment Buster thought that the whole prison had watched the orgy in the library and wanted to join in.

Miss Dean checked the corridor. "It's a Goddamn riot!"

Buster couldn't believe it when he looked out. Prisoners were shouting, running, screaming and setting fire to mattresses.

Marti joined in with them. It was like this was what he'd been waiting for. With a whoop of joy he got right into the middle of the fray.

The guards turned on the fire hoses and doused the burning mattresses.

Then they turned the hoses on the prisoners and chased them into their cells with billy clubs. Some guards had rifles, but no shots were fired.

The riot wasn't well organized and didn't last long.

Later Buster heard from Joel that the mess hall had run out of food.

That, plus over crowding, forcing even single cells to house two inmates, had touched off the riot.

After that there was a complete lockdown at San Lucas.

Buster heard through the grapevine that Marti had been placed in the hole with the other instigators.

Buster lay awake that night, unable to sleep. "Are you awake?"

"Yeah, Joel," Buster Whispered back.

"Man, I wouldn't sleep either if I were you, knowing I was getting out of this shithouse tomorrow."

"It's dumb, but I think I'm going to miss this place." Buster said, thinking of Marti, hoping Marti was all right.

"Are you crazy? You'll never give it another thought." Joel was silent a moment, then continued speaking. "Hey, I'll miss you, buddy. They'll probably put a mass murderer in with me."

If the next cellmate was black and had a monstrous cock, Buster knew Joel would dig that. But he kept quiet.

It was hours before Buster drifted off to sleep. When he finally did he dreamed of Anthony Marti, the hot Italian hunk who had replaced the hairy daddy bear of his fantasies. Marti was different, a fantasy in the flesh.

This dream was one Buster had had often lately. It was always the same dream. Marti was mean to him. He'd tie up Buster, wrap his cock and balls with a shoelace, beat his ass with a belt until it was bloody, shove a crude broomstick dildo up his butt. He would slap him around, twist his tits, make Buster drink piss and eat shit. Then he'd make him give him head and finally Buster would have to take that big Italian cock up his ass.

Buster woke up in the wee hours with his shorts full of creamy cum. Wide awake, he finger-fucked his ass, imagining it was Marti's cock. And then he jerked his prick, thinking of Marti until he drifted off to sleep again.

CHAPTER TEN

Waiting at the gate when Buster was paroled was Ted Brooks. Buster knew it was him standing beside the old drab green Ford.

Ted was indeed a big hairy man. He had sandy brown hair that was combed down over his forehead to hide the receding hairline. Somehow Buster had expected Ted to have black hair graying at the temples, like a reflection of his former prison daddy, Bernie.

Ted flashed a toothy smile and extended his hand.

"Hello, Damon," he said, sounding very friendly.

"Buster, please," Buster said, giving him a firm handshake.

From their exchange of letters, Buster felt he knew Ted like kin.

They drove along in silence for a long time. Buster never looked back at the gray walls of San Lucas prison. The strange sounds of traffic made him nervous. Engines roaring and horns honking had become unfamiliar noises.

"You look even better in person than that picture you sent me," Ted finally said with a smile.

Buster had worked out a lot in prison and his chest was more defined.

He'd sent Ted the Polaroid of him standing barechested in the yard, taken by Miss Dean.

"Mind if I smoke?" Buster asked.

"Go right ahead."

Buster, offered a cigarette to Ted.

"I quit. Gained fifty pounds, so I think I traded cancer for a heart attack."

Buster lit up a Marlboro.

Ted touched Buster's muscular thigh. "You're really a living doll."

"Thanks." Buster smiled. "You're not bad yourself."

"Yeah? Hell, I'm losing my hair and my teeth."

"You look foxy to me."

Buster touched Ted's hand as it rested on his thigh. He picked it up and moved Ted's hand over onto his crotch.

Ted groped Buster. He seemed so surprised by the size of the stiff cock that he felt that he swerved the car and nearly ran off the highway onto the shoulder.

Buster's cock had become rock hard from the vibration of riding in the car and from the fact that he had to piss.

"Could you stop somewhere so I could take a leak?" he asked.

"Sure."

Ted soon pulled off the highway onto a dusty farm road. It was an orchard of pear trees and there Buster whipped out his cock and made a big puddle of piss in the dust.

Ted stood beside him and pissed too. His cock was cut and stubby, Buster noticed. Buster held his prick and shook off the last drop of golden pee.

His cock hardened and Ted couldn't resist groping the blond teenager.

"Ohhhh, that feels good. Suck it, Daddy," Buster groaned.

While Buster leaned against the car on the deserted road in the orchard, Ted knelt down in front of him in the dust and serviced the young stud.

Buster ran his fingers through Ted's sandy hair. He pumped his prick in and out of the man's hot, moist mouth.

Ted squeezed the boy's asscheeks through the blue polyester slacks, making Buster moan.

"Keep sucking me, Daddy. Let me come in your mouth," Buster panted.

Buster roughly mouth-fucked his daddy. He screamed when he was ready to shoot, just before buckets of hot teenaged cum spurted out of the blond's cock and flooded Ted's mouth.

Ted swallowed hungrily, managing to drink the teenager's full wad of hot, sweet fuckjuice. When Ted stood up, Buster reached over and groped him.

"Let me take care of that for you now," he said.

Before Buster knew what was happening, Ted had him leaning over the trunk of the car.

His pants were pulled down, his butt exposed and his arms pinned down.

"I'm going to fuck that gorgeous ass of yours, punk. Going to ram my cock up there until it fills your butt with cum!" Ted spat.

Buster liked the manly aroma of his daddy, his panting, and the dirty talk.

"Do it, Daddy. Fuck my ass!" Buster hollered from the pain of penetration as the dry prick shoved past his sphincter.

"Hot blond punk, take my big cock!" Ted lunged inside to the hilt. He fucked with deep strokes.

Buster bucked back at the thick cock that plugged his ass. He gyrated his hips against the man's wiry pubic bush.

Ted's fuck-strokes became shorter and faster.

"Convict bastard, take my cum. I'm going to fuck the shit out of you," he panted.

Buster felt Ted's cock become steely hard. It blasted, spraying his guts with hot jism.

Ted pulled Buster's blond locks so hard when he shot off that tears streamed down Buster's cheeks.

Ted's cock softened and slurped out of the teenager's shitter.

When he noticed the boy's tears, Ted apologized for being so rough. He gently kissed Buster's tears away.

"God, I've never had such a hot tight ass before. I got off like I was a teenager again myself."

"You did good, Daddy." Buster grinned. "I knew I was getting fucked by a real man."

They tooled along the highway again. Arriving in San Francisco, they took the Civic Center turnoff.

Ted lived in the Western Addition, where lots of gays fixed up old Victorian houses and forced out the poorer black folks.

Ted's apartment was in an old brown stucco building and they took the creaky elevator cage to the top floor.

Buster was disappointed by the ghetto area and the small studio in the ramshackle building. Ted read his expression.

"It's not much, but a place to lay your head," he said. "Rents have skyrocketed in the city. Even dumps like this cost four-hundred bucks a month."

"Anything beats a drafty cell," Buster said. He scanned the place. He could see the dust, but knew that Ted had made a half-ass effort to clean up the place.

Buster was startled by the vibrating sound of a stereo that came from the apartment below.

"No problem," Ted said. He turned on a box fan which created a refreshing breeze and drowned out the noise.

Buster figured this was probably all that Ted could afford on his salary.

After all, bank guards didn't have bankers' incomes. The place looked like it was furnished in Early Salvation Army, but he'd gladly help clean it up. Ted had a good heart and was willing to share what he had. Buster wasn't about to be an ingrate. If it wasn't for Ted, he knew he'd probably be sleeping on the street.

"I'll bet you're hungry," Ted said.

"Yeah, I sort of got the munchies."

Buster was surprised when Ted opened the fridge and took out a plastic bag of plain cake donuts. He poured two glasses of Concord grape wine.

Buster nibbled on a couple of cold cake donuts. He got a buzz off the grape wine.

"I think you should either get a job or go to school, Buster."

"I'll start looking for a job right away. I'm a little rusty, but I'm good at working on cars. I worked in a gas station in Sacramento." "I don't mean to rush you."

"You're not. I wasn't much good in school. But I'm not lazy. I got energy up the ass." Buster slapped his hip for emphasis.

Ted sipped the wine. "I can't get over how good looking you are. Usually pretty boys are PTM -- princesses with tiny meat. But you're butch, with meat for days."

"I've only got about eight inches, but it's thick. My cellmate Joel thought I was hung like a stud flea after he started taking a fourteen-inch black cock

up the ass."

"I'm not a size queen but I can appreciate a big prick. And baby, let me tell you, yours is a mouthful."

Buster polished off the glass of grape wine. He unzipped his fly and took out his hard cock.

"Aren't you the horny one? But I guess I was the same way at your age."

Ted pulled down the Murphy bed. Then he grabbed Buster by his big cock and led him over to the bed.

"Act savage," Buster said. "I like it rough."

Ted stripped his young stud naked. He took some pieces of nylon rope and tied Buster's arms and legs to the metal frame.

Buster pretended to struggle but all the while his cock leaked pre-cum.

He and Ted were definitely on the same wave-length. He liked his hairy, rotund daddy.

Ted opened a jar of liquid aroma and shoved it under Buster's nose.

Buster took a big whiff and got a rush.

Ted took a hit of poppers himself. He started licking the teenager from head to toe.

Buster felt high and luxuriated in the tongue bath. Ted's fiery tongue felt very sexy in his ears and mouth.

Ted swabbed a trail southward. Buster moaned when Ted sucked his nipples and bellybutton. Ted ticked his inner thighs and tongued down the blond's perineum, ignoring the throbbing cock and heaving balls. He licked the asscrack and darted his tongue into the boy's shitter.

"Suck my cock, Daddy."

Ted slapped the blond across the face. "Shut up!"

"Huh?"

"Say sir when you speak. Or say master."

"Yes, sir."

Ted straddled the teenager's hairless, rippled chest. He rubbed his stubby prick across Buster's luscious lips.

"Do you like daddy's cock?"

"Yes sir."

"Want to suck it?" "Un-hun."

Ted pulled the boy's blond locks. "Uh, yes, sir!" Buster grunted. "That's better." Buster's tongue licked the man's spongy cock-head.

Ted suddenly rammed his cock roughly down the boy's throat. Then he pulled his prick back out and slapped the boy's face.

"Sorry, sir. I didn't mean to bite." Ted lifted up. "Eat my ass out."

Buster tongued Ted's tangy, hairy asscrack.

He had a roaring hard-on and Ted scooted down between the boy's legs.

"Suck me, sir. Get me off," Buster said. Ted slapped the boy's stiff cock and it softened. "Don't be so demanding."

Ted jacked his own prick, which was now leaking pre-cum. "Want me to fuck your ass?"

"Oh yes, sir. Fuck me in the ass."

"Maybe I will. And maybe I won't. Beg for it."

"Please, sir. Fuck me with your big cock. I want you inside me. Please, master!"

Ted untied the blond youth's legs. He lifted Buster's legs into the air and let the ankles rest on his shoulders.

"Ummmmmm. Fuck me, master."

"Shut up, slave shit!" Ted slapped the boy's ass.

Buster's cock quivered and leaked clear precum.

Ted slapped the boy's asscheeks again and again, while the boy's ankles dug into his shoulders.

Buster's butt was red and sore. And he was hotter than hell.

"Do it, master. Fuck me. Please, please, please!"

Ted spat on his palm and lubed his cock. Brutally he pushed his prick into the boy's hungry asshole.

"Ooooooh, shit. That's good. Fuck me rough! I can take it."

Buster could feel Ted's fiery cock explode just as it shoved into his ass. He felt the molten cum spray his guts, then Ted's spent cock slipped out soft.

"More, master."

Ted got a towel out of the drawer of the nightstand. He unwrapped it and took out a seven-inch, thick rubber dildo and a jar of orange-flavored joy jelly.

He lubed Buster's butt and crammed the dildo up his asshole. He administered them both another whiff of poppers.

Buster closed his eyes. He imagined the dildo that was fucked in and out of his cumfilled ass was a live cock -- Anthony Marti's cock.

Buster screamed as the dildo churned into his butt.

"Oh fuck. Shit. Ooooh-ooooh. Ahhhh!"

Ropes of creamy cum spurted out of his piss-slit onto his chest and stomach.

Ted removed the dildo from the boy's abused ass. He lapped up the boy's creamy cum and licked the orange-scented joy jell mixed with shit and cum out of Buster's asshole.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Awakening at dawn, Buster crawled out of bed and turned on the fan. It made it sound like he was at the ocean, and it made him want to piss. He looked at Ted, who was still sawing logs.

Buster went to work on the kitchen, cleaning it until it sparkled.

He plugged in the coffee so that when the alarm clock went off, Ted would smell the aroma of the freshly perked coffee.

Ted ambled sleepily into the kitchen. "Holy Christ! I don't recognize the place."

Buster smiled. "I cleaned like a speed freak in the joint. It's just a habit." They drank coffee and listened to soft music on the stereo radio.

"I'm so relaxed, I don't feel like going to work," Ted said. "It's really nice to have you here. Go and come as you like. Here's your set of keys."

"I'm going to start beating down the bushes for a job. I'll check out every gas station in town."

Ted drained his third cup of coffee. "I'd better shave and shower and get the show on the road."

Buster drank another cup of coffee and smoked another Marlboro. Then he went into the bathroom where Ted was showering to take a leak.

Ted peeked from behind the shower curtain.

"How's the water?" Buster asked.

"Fine."

Buster flushed the stool, kicked off his jockey shorts and stepped into the tub, too.

Ted was all lathered up. He took the bar of soap and quickly lathered up Buster, soaping his back, the cleft of his ass and his stiffening cock and big balls.

Spray from the shower made the soap cascade down their bodies.

Buster knelt down in the tub.

"You look so sexy when you're wet," Ted said.

"So do you, Daddy."

Buster held Ted's cock and sucked it till it got hard. Then he frigged the veiny prickshaft, and sucked the rosy cock-head down past the corona.

"Ummmmm," Ted moaned, "Keep on sucking, son. Ooooh-ohhh."

Buster increased the sucking pressure on Ted's prick.

"Oh shit. Oh Christ. Jesus, that feels good."

Ted clasped his hands around the blond's wet head and guided his stiff cock in and out of the boy's hot, moist mouth.

Buster removed the prick from his mouth. He held the shaft and licked the big hairy balls. Water trickled down Ted's stomach and made his wiry pubic bush soggy. Buster took one nut then stuffed the other one inside his mouth until he looked like a chipmunk with the mumps. He hummed on his lover's balls. "Oh wow! Shit, I'm going to come."

Buster released Ted's balls from his mouth to get the spurting cock, but he was too late. Gobs and gobs of creamy cum splattered all over his face.

He licked his lips, tasting the salty goo.

"Oh God, you get me so fucking hot. My prick won't go down. I'll have to go to work with a hard-on."

"I'll get that cock soft again or die trying." Ted turned off the shower.

"Get down on your knees in the tub."

Buster obeyed.

Ted kneaded the blond's smooth asscheeks. He stuck his tongue into the blond's asscrack and licked the pink pucker. He stabbed his tongue into the tangy asshole.

"Oh Daddy, that feels good."

Ted reached around and squeezed the boy's cock.

Buster was so hot from getting rimmed and from the taste of cum spattered all over his face that he just gushed. Ropes of creamy jizz spewed out of his piss-slit onto Ted's hand.

Ted took his cummy hand and lubed the boy's ass.

"Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me in the ass."

Buster reached behind him and guided the hard stubby prick right into his cum-lubed asshole.

Ted thrust his prick in to the hilt. Buster gyrated his hips against Ted's pubic bush. He clamped his sphincter around the thick cock.

"Harder, Daddy. Fuck me harder!"

Ted held onto those smooth, firm asscheeks and plowed his prick into the boy's hot, tight asshole.

"Do it, Daddy. Come in my ass!" Buster rotated his hips and tightened his ass muscles around the stubby prick.

"Ooooooh, baby. Here it comes. Take Daddy's jizz up your tight ass.

Ahhhh!"

Buster stayed still and felt the molten jism spew into his bowels. He drained as much cum as he could out of his lover's balls then felt Ted's cock plop out of his asshole.

"Let me clean off your cock," Buster offered.

"Not yet," Ted said.

Ted held his shit and cum-covered cock by the base. He groaned and let go with a spray of foamy piss that splattered all over the blond's back and dripped into his asshole.

Buster turned around and drank the acrid golden pee. Delighted, Ted continued to piss all over the blond's cum-encrusted face.

"Now, Buster. Clean off Daddy's cock," he said when he was finished.

Buster held the cock-shaft and licked off all the cum and shit stains.

Then he sucked the last drop of golden pee off his lover's cock.

Ted adjusted the spray and they stood together under the shower, letting the spray extinguish the flames of lust inside them.

When Ted was dressed in his guard's blue uniform with his .38 in the holster strapped on his hip, and with the black-billed garrison cap on his head, Buster was turned on by how macho and foxy his daddy looked.

Ted took a twenty out of his wallet.

"Is that all I'm worth?" Buster teased.

Ted grinned. "Pick up something you like at Lucky's for supper."

"Here's your supper," Buster said as he gaped himself.

"You're something else," Ted said with a chuckle. "Before you, I used to have sex once every six months -- and I was lucky if I had a partner."

"Get out of here!" Buster laughed.

Buster spent the day looking for work. He checked the newspaper want ads for gas station attendant gigs. The phone calls were a waste. They wanted help with local job references.

Buster walked around and stopped at every gas station he saw. The self service pumps had eliminated many jobs.

His feet were tired and he felt down. Somehow he'd expected to get a job that first day. He'd looked hard.

Buster stopped at the neighborhood Lucky store. Impulsively he bought some frozen pizza, beer and a carton of Marlboro cigarettes. The checker glanced at him, but sold him the beer anyway.

For the rest of the afternoon, Buster straightened up the other room in the apartment. He dusted and vacuumed with the ancient, noisy sweeper he found in the hall closet.

Ted came home sweaty, tired and grouchy.

"You growl just like Papa Bear."

"It's not easy to be nice to people all day. A lot of clods come into that bank."

Buster opened the two tall cans of Miller beer.

Ted turned on the small TV, slouched into the big overstuffed chair, sipped the beer, and nodded.

"Are you okay?" Buster asked gently.

"The air conditioning was on the bum today at the bank."

"I'm sorry. Uh, I looked for work, but drew a blank."

"There's no rush. Did you stop at the store?"

"Yeah. Pizza for dinner okay?"

"Yuk! Sure. I usually have soup or a sandwich. I'm not much of a cook."

"I bought a carton of cigarettes. Hope you don't mind. I'll pay you back."

"Forget it. I'll take it out in trade."

Buster rubbed Ted's head. He took out his cock and waved it in Ted's face. Ted kissed it, then drifted off.

Buster was a little disappointed. He had some romantic notion that they'd have wild sex all the time they were together. Quietly he fixed the pizza and then woke Ted. Together they ate the big combination pizza and drank beer.

After the meal Ted got a second wind. "I hate getting old," he sighed.

"You're not old."

"Hell, when I was your age, I was in the Navy -- and the Navy was in me.

I'd drink and cruise all night and work all days after I got out, I used to go to the bars, prowling around the tubs all night, and still work all day."

Buster took out his soft cock and stroked it. "I'll make you feel like a horny teenager again."

Ted tongued inside the foreskin. "I like lace curtains. Don't scrub the cheese off anymore."

"Whatever you says waster."

"I thought about you all day."

"Oh yeah? Well, I thought about you too. I thought about how I'd like you to suck my cock and how I'd like to come in your mouth and have you come in my ass."

"You're a horny little bastard."

"That's true. But that's enough chatter. Suck me off, Daddy."

Buster leaned over the arm of the chair and shoved his prick in and out of Ted's mouth.

"Oh yeah. Suck my big cock. Suck it till it squirts!"

Buster's mind drifted. He closed his eyes.

All of a sudden he was thinking about Anthony Marti, and imagining that it was Marti's thick lips fastened around his cock. He fucked his prick into Ted's hot mouth. "Take it, man. Keep sucking my cock." Ted gagged at the rough mouth-fucking he was getting. Buster moaned and fucked faster.

"Take my jizz. Here it comes..."

Ted gulped several times like a fat frog and was able to drink all of the hot cum from the teenager's prick.

"You shoot a mean load," he said as he licked his lips.

Buster couldn't help it. He was still in a daze, thinking about Marti. He stripped off his clothes and straddled Ted in the chair.

Ted's cock was randy and ready for action. Buster freed the stubby prick from the blue uniform slacks. He lubed his own butt with spit and impaled himself on the fiery cock.

Ted grabbed the blond's asscheeks and squeezed them as Buster bounced himself up and down on the stiff cock.

When Buster opened his eyes, the sight and feel of the uniform when it touched his naked body made him horny. But when he closed his eyes, he still thought of Marti.

Ted grunted and thrust his prick all the way up the blond boy's shiner.

"Oh yeah. Do it. Come in my ass!" Buster moaned.

"Here's daddy's jizz, baby."

Buster screamed as his cock exploded. His asshole spasmed around the stubby cock and his cum spurted all over Ted's uniform.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I couldn't help it."

"It's okay," Ted said. "The uniform needed to be cleaned anyway."

When they crawled into bed that night, Ted went out like a light.

Buster snuggled up against the warm body of his hairy daddy bear.

They both slept in the raw and Buster stroked Ted's cock. The harder he tried not to, the more he thought about Marti. He could still taste Marti's bittersweet cum, his acrid pee and peanut buttery shit.

Buster shot his wad into his hand and quietly ate his own creamy load.

CHAPTER TWELVE

San Francisco was a union town, Buster discovered in his search for a job. Looking for work soon became a job in itself. He filled out applications for all types of work but nothing was available.

His life with Ted settled into a routine. Ted drank beer and watched TV at night until he crashed. Before long they quarreled a lot.

For one thing, Buster wasn't satisfied with their sex-life. It seemed like they hardly ever fucked. Ted always said he was top tired.

Buster sometimes considered going up to Polk Street to hustle. He knew that would take care of his sex-drive and provide him with some money.

But he discarded the idea. He didn't want to do anything to risk his relationship with Ted. The man provided him with some stability and security and he didn't want to lose that.

But it got lonely whacking off in the bathtub all the time. Maybe Buster did it just because he was bored. Sometimes maybe the boy thought Ted didn't really like him. Maybe Ted wanted him to leave. Maybe Ted wanted to have different tricks.

The only thing that really made life livable for Buster was the weekend drives they took together. Usually they'd drive along the Coast Highway, like now.

Buster loved cars. We'd saved Ted plenty in mechanics' bills by fixing things on the car. And he'd taken over the cleaning, cooking and laundry chores at home.

Buster sat behind the wheel of the old Ford now. He had the engine purring like a pleased pussycat, even though Ted complained that he drove too fast.

They explored the beach at Half Moon Bay and found a deserted spot.

Buster stretched out on the sand and drank a beer, watching the foamy surf wet the sand.

"A penny for your thoughts," Ted said from beside him.

"My mind's blank."

Buster peeled off his shirt and pants. He liked the snug fit of the swim suit Ted had bought him. It was made of terry cloth and was maroon with vertical white stripes.

"You look good enough to eat," Ted grinned as he licked his lips.

Buster stood, in the warm sand next to Ted, who was stretched out on an old blanket that had U.S. NAVY printed on it.

Buster reached his hand down inside his swim suit. He pushed his cock out through the side and stroked it, slowly moving the foreskin over the rosy cock-heads.

"Eat this, Daddy. Eat my prick."

A strand of pre-cum hung from his piss-slit. Ted set his beer can down.

He grabbed the throbbing cock and engulfed it in his mouth.

Buster had a buzz on from the beer and he felt a rush as his cock slithered down Ted's throat.

"Ummmmmm. Oh yeah. Suck me, Daddy." Ted sucked slowly on the stiff prick.

He ran his hands inside the boy's swim suit, cupping those smooth, firm mounds of assflesh.

Buster moaned when he felt Ted's finger poke into his shitter and massage his asshole. He loved the way Ted finger-fucked him while he sucked his big hard cock.

Buster closed his eyes and whimpered. Ted sucked faster, bobbing his head up and down on the big prick. He relentlessly stabbed his middle finger in and out of Buster's tight asshole.

"Ohhhhh. Awwwww, shit. Fuck. I'm ready..." Buster panted.

Buster held his cock-sucker's head and rammed his prick all the way down the stretched throat.

Ted removed his finger from the spasming asshole.

"Swallow my jizz. Swallow it all, Daddy." Ted gulped and hungrily swallowed the molten cum that flooded his mouth. Soon Buster felt his cock go limp in Ted's moist mouth. His drained balls dangled in their sac.

Ted removed his mouth, savoring the load of sweet teenaged cum. He tugged down Buster's sexy swim suit, exposing the distinct tan line.

"You got my ass all hot with your finger. Fuck me in the ass, Daddy. I want to feel your cock inside me."

Ted pulled the nude blond down onto the blanket, and spread-eagled him.

Then he mounted Buster's fleshy white buns.

Suddenly he slapped the alabaster butt, leaving red streaks on it.

Buster shivered and moaned. "Oh yeah. Spank me, Daddy. I've been a bad boy. I need to be punished."

"What have you done now?"

"Everything's wrong. Oh, I tried to get a job, but there ain't none. All I seem to do is watch TV and play with my cock."

Ted slapped the asscheeks again. "You lazy sonofabitch! If you didn't jack-off all the time, maybe you'd have time to find a fucking job."

"Oh shit, I love it when you whip my ass."

"Well, you're really going to get it good this time." Ted slapped the ass hard for emphasis. "And I believed you, you lying little bastard."

"Punish me. Fuck me and I'll be good again."

"Why should I fuck you? I don't know who you've been whoring around with, you ungrateful shit."

"There's no one else. I've wanted you to fuck me every night. But you're too tired."

Ted whacked the boy's ass again. "I'm tired because I work all Goddamn day. It's not easy being pleasant to customers all day long when you'd prefer to tell them to stuff their money up their ass. And those phony bank officers make you run errands for them. I'm supposed to provide security, not be a gofer -- go for this and that for every lousy motherfucking bank officer."

"I'll be good for you, Daddy. I'll get a job, you'll see. I want to help, honest."

"Lazy good-for-nothing ex-con. I should have known better than to get mixed up with you!"

Ted slapped the boy's ass again. He spit on the boy's ass and rubbed it into the inflamed asscheeks.

"You're just like the rest of them. You just want to use me."

"Not true," Buster said. "I want to help out. I'll find something, just wait and see."

Ted pulled the boy's blond hair. "Liar! Blood-sucking leech."

Tears streamed down Buster's cheeks from the hair pulling. He looked back and saw that Ted's stubby prick was hard as a rock and quivering from all the verbal abuse.

"Oh fuck me, Daddy. Everything will be all right again. Just fuck me and you'll see."

"Why should I give you my prick? You don't appreciate me. Besides, your ass is getting flabby. God only knows what you stick up your ass while I work my tail off like a fool to provide for you. You probably fuck the toilet plunger!"

"Say anything you want but fuck me, Daddy! I need to get fucked by my daddy."

"I'm, not only your daddy, I'm your master. And you're nothing but a piece of slave shit."

"Keep hitting my ass. That makes my ass feel like it's on fire."

Ted picked up the beer can beside the blanket. He poured the foamy brew into the boy's asscrack.

"Oh Jesus fucking Christ!" Buster hollered. "That'll cool off your whore's ass." "Fuck me, Daddy. I want to get fucked!" Ted spread the beer-stained, abused asscheeks. He dove between the assmounds and lapped up the residue of beer.

"Put your cock inside me, Daddy. Don't punish me anymore. Just fuck me."

Ted shoved his cockhead into the boy's asshole. Buster pushed his sore ass back against the pubic bush, taking the hard, thick prick all the way up his ass.

Ted fucked his prick slowly in and out of the boy's ass.

"More, more," Buster begged.

Ted increased the fucking tempo. He lay down on the hunky stud, running his fingers through the blond locks.

"Harder, Daddy. Fuck me harder!" Buster gyrated his hips.

Ted grunted and groaned. He pumped his prick in and out of the hot, tight asshole.

"Do it, Daddy. Shoot your jizz up my ass." Ted plunged his cock inside to the hilt and lay still.

Buster felt the cock explode in his ass and hot jizz sprayed his guts. At the same time, his asshole spasmed and he shot his wad onto the Navy blanket.

Ted's cock softened and fell out of the boy's butt.

Buster got up. He turned around and went down on Ted's flaccid cock, cleaning off the cum and shit stains on it. Ted leaned down and lapped up the pool of cum that Buster had shot onto the blanket while getting fucked in the ass.

"You didn't mean all of those cruel things you said to me, did you?"

Ted smiled. "Of course I meant them. But you're the best piece of ass I've ever had."

"My ass is sore."

Ted pushed the blond hunk down on the blanket. He dove between Buster's abused asscheeks and sucked his own cum out of the boy's well-fucked asshole. He tasted his own bitter cum mingled with the boy's assjuices.

Afterwards they drank another beer in silence.

Then, while Ted dozed in the suit, Buster walked down to the water's edge.

Buster waded nude into the chilly water. He plunged in and swam around a while. The cold water refreshed him and soothed his sore ass.

Sitting on the edge of the Navy blanket, Buster dug his toes into the sand. He drank beer and the beads of water evaporated off him. He had to get his act together and get a job -- any kind of job -- to help out. He didn't want to lose his daddy or his home.

Buster looked at his snoozing daddy bear. He kneeled down and unzipped Ted's fly. Ted didn't open his eyes.

Buster took out the soft, stubby cock and went down on it until it came to life, stiffening.

Ted moaned while Buster lovingly held his daddy's prick-shaft and sucked on the cockhead.

Buster fingered the hard nuts in their hairy ballsac. Happily he sucked on the stiff, veiny shaft that had fucked his ass so many times.

Buster increased the pressure with his lips on the hard cock. He took his daddy's prick deeper and deeper into his throat.

His own cock throbbed while he sucked on Ted. He reached between his own legs and stroked his cock in the same rhythm that he sucked on Ted's.

He felt the taste of pre-cum in his mouth. He sucked and jacked off faster and faster.

Ted opened his eyes. "That's it, son. Keep sucking. Daddy's going to come in your mouth. Oooooh-ohhhh. Here it is..."

Buster felt the first spurts of cum lube his tonsils, then gobs and gobs of hot cum flooded his mouth.

Tasting Ted's bittersweet fuck-juice in his mouth made Buster suck his cock faster and faster.

Buster grunted with his lips still fastened around Ted's cock. His own jizz gushed out of his cock and splattered onto the blanket.

Buster stuck his cummy fingers into Ted's mouth, and Ted licked off the salty, slimy goo.

Ted bent down, and for the second time that day, lapped up the pool of cum that Buster had shot onto the Navy blanket.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Days passed. Buster kept looking for work, but couldn't find any.

Everyday Ted argued that if he really wanted a job, he could get something. Buster argued that he wanted to work on cars, because he'd worked at a gas station and was good at that sort of work.

Their relationship was more and more strained and they had less and less sex.

One day while Buster was out looking for work, he was blatantly cruised by a hunky teenaged kid on the street.

The swarthy kid reminded him of Anthony Marti. Buster felt a stirring in his crotch.

"How you doing?" The kid's dark eyes glanced up from Buster's crotch to his face.

Buster nodded. "Fine."

"I'll say you are." The kid ran his tongue lewdly across his lower lip.

He wasn't attracted to boys younger than him. But this kid was brazen and sexy-looking -- like Marti.

"Let's go to your place and get it on." Buster hesitated. It was getting late and his head said no, because he'd been true to Ted. But his prick said yes as it swelled in his pants.

They walked along the street together. "Name's Dale."

"Buster." He shook the kid's offered hand. "Man, you're just toy type.

Butch and blond."

"I hustle Polk Street on weekends. But I won't charge you."

"Do your parents know you're gay?"

"Are you serious? My old man would kill me. He's a preacher. He thinks all sex is a sin, and gays are the scum of the earth -- just like that Rev. Fartwell."

Buster laughed.

"Hell, it was a miracle he had me." "Maybe you're not his." "Yeah. I look just like the pious asshole." "You sound like you hate your father." "I hate him and I love him. I know that sounds crazy. He's really a nice guy, but I don't dig his religious trip. The church sucks -- and so do I."

Buster grinned.

"Do you live far?" Dale asked. "Just another block." As they approached Buster's place, he tried to think of some excuse not to take the kid upstairs. But then he thought of the boy's luscious lips around his cock, and he couldn't stop himself.

Inside the apartment, Buster had no sooner closed the door then Dale dropped and got down on his knees.

Buster's prick raged in his pants and Dale eagerly took it out.

"Man, it's even bigger than I hoped!" he said excitedly.

"Give me some head, kid."

Dale swooped right down on Buster's cock. "Oooh yeah, kid. Oh shit, that feels good!" Buster moaned.

Dale unzipped his own fly and took out his stiff cock. With his mouth bobbing on Buster's cock, the kid beat his meat to the cock-sucking rhythm.

Buster rubbed his hands through the kid's curly black hair. He held the kid's head and pumped his prick in and out of the slurping mouth.

"Oh yeah, kid. Keep sucking my cock!" The kid's throat muscles stretched and Buster rammed his prick all the way down his throat.

Dale jacked his own ample cock with a blurry motion of his fist.

"I'm ready, punk. I'm going to fill your mouth with cum, you little cocksucking bastard."

Dale sucked faster and beat his meat harder with his right hand. With his left hand he tugged on Buster's ballsac.

Buster pulled the kid's hair. His rock hard cock was buried completely in the kid's throat.

"Swallow my cum, faggot punk." Dale gagged, but kept the exploding cock entrenched in his throat. He roughly squeezed Buster's big balls when streams of hot cum flooded his mouth.

"Oh fuck. Shooting my cum into some punk's mouth."

Dale swallowed the fuck-juice, but a drop dripped down his chin. He caught the pearly drop of cum on his finger and ate it.

"You give good head."

"I've done it enough. I'm a cum freak. I can't get enough."

Buster sighed.

Dale stood up. "Do me, man. Suck the cum out of me!"

Buster dropped to his knees and his lips engulfed the kid's quivering cock. He tasted the leaking pre-cum. Dale held onto Buster's shoulders.

He thrust his prick in and out with rapid strokes.

"Dude, I can taste your delicious cum in my mouth. And I want you to taste mine. Oh Jesus, that feels good. Keep sucking. Play with my balls."

Squeeze 'em. Give 'em hell!"

Buster roughly squeezed the dangling balls that were slapping against his chin while the kid mouth-fucked him.

"Rougher, man. Squeeze the jizz out of my nuts."

Buster stopped a moment and managed to tug the boy's pants down.

"Don't stop sucking. I was ready to come."

Buster deep-throated the kid's cock. He squeezed the hard nuts with his right hand while at the same time he poked the middle finger of his left hand into the kid's asshole.

"Oh yeah, I dig that. Finger-fuck my ass while you suck me off. Oh shit, that feels good."

Buster stabbed his finger in and out of Dale's tight ass pucker. He felt the kid's cock become, steely hard in his mouth.

Dale moaned loudly. "Swallow my wad, you butch, blond mother-fucker! Eat every drop of my cum."

Buster pulled his finger out of the kid's asshole. It was like pulling the plug, because gobs and gobs of hot sweet cum flooded his mouth.

Dale's fingernails clawed Buster's shoulders as he spewed his jism. Then Dale's spent cock slipped out of Buster's mouth.

As Buster stood up, Dale groped him and took out his cock again. He frigged the loose skin over the rosy cock-bead.

"What a prick! I wish mine was that big."

"For a teen you've got big equipment. It'll probably grow bigger than mine."

"You think so? I like your foreskin. I think it's sexy. It makes your cock smell like strong cheese."

Dale jacked Buster's cock until it was hard again.

Buster reached around and felt the kid's smooth, firm asscheeks.

"I want you to fuck me in the ass, man. I've never taken a cock that big up my ass before."

Buster pulled down the squeaky Murphy bed from the wall.

Dale stripped off his clothes. His body was hairless except for the armpits and the pubic bush. He sprawled out on the bed. Buster undressed and lay on top of the kid. Their cocks pressed against each other's stomach.

Buster kissed the kid's lips. He darted his tongue inside Dale's mouth, tasting traces of his own cum.

Dale sucked on Buster's tongue.

Just thinking about fucking this high schooler's butt made Buster's cock leak precum.

Dale wrapped his legs around Buster's hips. Buster leaned up to lube his prick with spit. "Put that big prick inside me, man. I want to feel it fuck the shit out of me."

Buster guided his cockhead past the kid's sphincter and inched into the tight, hot asshole.

Dale scissored his legs tightly around Buster.

"Fuck my ass, man. Do it rough!"

Buster took long, deep fuck-strokes into the tight asshole. He bit the kid's neck, giving him a hickey.

Dale moaned. "Keep fucking me. Harder, man. Do it harder!"

Buster increased the fucking tempo. His cock felt so good up the high schooler's tight asshole. It excited him when the kid begged to be fucked.

The idea of fucking this jailbait punk's ass was thrilling.

Dale wiggled underneath him, shoving his ass back at the invading fuckmeat.

"Oh God, I love to get fucked. I love to feel my asshole stuffed with your big prick!"

Buster fucked faster and faster, feeling Dale's fingernails digging into his shoulders.

"Oh wow! Oh man, I can feel your cock explode!" Dale cried. "Oh, shit! I can feel your big shooting cock spray my guts with cum."

Buster's cock spurted buckets of cum into the kid's fiery asshole. Then he sat up with his cock still buried completely in the kid's asshole.

"Don't take it out yet, man," Dale whimpered as he wrapped his fingers around his own cock and beat it furiously.

Buster watched the kid fist his prick. He squeezed the kid's ballsac.

Dale moaned. "I want to come with your huge cock crammed up my ass."

The kid gasped for breath and screamed. Ropes of cum flew out of his piss-slit.

Buster's cock plopped out of the boy's tight asshole as he bent down and lapped the delicious sweet cum off the kid's torso.

Dale squirmed. He scooted up and grabbed Buster's cock. He leaned forward and sucked the shit and cum off the cock-head.

Still excited by the sexy teenaged boy, Buster dove down between Dale's legs. He cupped the smooth asscheeks and darted his tongue into the boy's tangy shitter. He sucked his own cum out of the boy's ass.

Suddenly, Buster heard the key turn in the lock. He'd lost all track of time.

Dale bolted up in bed.

"Oh shit. Sonofabitch," Buster swore. "What the hell's going on here?"

Ted said. "Who's the rent-a-pig, your father?" Dale asked.

"My lover."

Dale grabbed his clothes and books and he ran out the door.

"So this is what you do while I'm at work! No wonder you can't find a job. You're too busy fucking around with a jailbait chicken!"

"This is the first time, I swear. He picked me up."

"In my bed, you rotten sonofabitch, fucking some punk whore!"

"I'm sorry Ted. He was just a trick. He means nothing to me."

"It's too late now. Get out of my place!" "Please, Ted. I love you, honest."

"Lying scum convict. No good fucking bastard! Get out before I blow your head off."

Buster grabbed his clothes and ran out the door naked. He was scared shitless, afraid Ted really might shoot him. He managed to get his pants on while escaping down the stairwell before hitting the street. He ran until he was out of breath.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Buster wandered the streets. It started to rain and he was chilly without a jacket.

He couldn't believe that Ted had flipped out like that over some one-time trick. He'd been very foolish taking Dale to Ted's place.

Buster was flat broke but he still had the keys to Ted's apartment. At first he thought he'd hustle and get some money or at least get a place to crash.

The rain was pouring down and he ducked into a phone booth. He wanted to call Ted so that they could work it out. He searched his pockets but couldn't find a dime. He checked the coin return, but it was empty.

He walked back to Ted's place, getting soaked in the rain. From the security phone at the door he called Ted.

"It's me," Buster said. "I need to talk to you."

"There's nothing to say," Ted said. "You made your choice so live with it."

"I got nowhere to go." "Where are you?" "Downstairs. Just let me crash tonight." There was a short pause. Buster's heart skipped a beat when the door buzzed to open.

As soon as Ted opened the apartment door Buster could smell the whiskey on Ted's breath.

"Hey, Daddy, I'm sorry," Buster said, trying to hug Ted.

"It's too late for sorry. Give me back my keys."

"Yes, sir." Buster handed Ted the keys. "You can sleep on the couch tonight. In the morning, you'll have to go."

"Can't we talk?"

"There's nothing left to say."

"Man, I could kill myself for bringing that stupid trick home."

"You can have all the tricks you want now. That's none of my business anymore."

Buster blinked the tears out of his eyes. "You treated me good. I just made a mistake. Can't we just forget it?"

"No," Ted said. "Go to sleep. I got to go to work tomorrow."

Buster got a towel in the bathroom and dried himself off. Then he hung up his wet clothes over the shower curtain bar.

He rolled up flaked in the blanket on the couch -- it was the U.S. Navy blanket they'd used for sex at the beach, the blanket that was Ted's souvenir of his Navy days.

Buster couldn't sleep. He was so upset he wanted to bawl, but it wouldn't help to feel sorry for himself. He'd really tried to get a job. He'd, wanted the relationship with Ted to work out. But he'd messed up -- the way he always did.

He listened to Ted snoring in the Murphy bed. Maybe Ted would have a change of heart. Maybe Ted let him come back to sleep, even if he took away the keys.

There was only one test to find out how Ted really felt. Buster crawled into the bed with Ted and jacked on Ted's prick until it became hard.

Ted was still asleep as Buster lay on his side. He lubed his own butt with spit then he reached back and guided Ted's cock up his tight asshole.

Ted stirred and moaned softly.

"Fuck me, Daddy. Just one more time I just want you. I'll never let anyone but you ever fuck me again."

Ted was awake now and pumping his prick in and out of the blond teenager's asshole.

Buster pushed back against Ted's pubic bush. He tightened his ass muscles and humped back stroke for stroke.

"Keep fucking me, Daddy. Don't ever stop. I love it when you fuck my ass."

Buster frigged the foreskin up and down over his cock-head while he fucked back at the cock that stabbed in and out of his shitter.

"Ooooh, Daddy. I'm going to come. I'm going to shoot off with your stiff prick inside me."

Buster grunted, and gobs and gobs of hot cum spurted out of his piss-slit.

Ted was fucking furiously now while the blond's ass spasmed around his cock.

Ted's cock blasted a big wad of fuckjuice into the fiery fuckhole.

"Oh, God. I can feel your cock shooting inside me. Fill my guts with your cum, Daddy."

Buster clamped his sphincter around the cock that stuffed his ass. He drained as much cum as he could out of those big balls. Then Ted's cock softened and slurped out of the blond's butt.

Buster turned around. He grabbed Ted's soft cock and licked the coating of cum and assjuices off it.

Ted groaned and his cock got hard again.

Buster straddled Ted's stomach. He reached behind himself and slowly lowered his butt on to the man's towering stubby cock.

"Up my ass, Daddy. That's where your cock belongs."

Ted held onto the blond's thighs while he thrust his cock all the way inside the fiery, cum-filled asshole.

Buster raised and lowered himself on Ted's cock, all the way up until it almost came out, then impaled himself on the cock-meat.

Ted tweaked the blond's nipples while he buried his cock up the blond's ass.

Buster reached behind and played with Ted's balls while he bounced his ass up and down on Ted's prick.

"Oh fuck me, Daddy. Only you can fuck me this good. I love your big cock up my ass. Ummm. Keep fucking me!"

Ted grabbed Buster's hard, thick cock and jerked it while he pumped his prick, into Buster's shitter. The bedsprings creaked in harmony with the fucking rhythm and the heavy moaning of the lovers.

When Buster felt Ted's cock become steely hard inside him, he grunted.

While the cock spurted gobs of hot cum up his butt, Buster's cock shot a pool of creamy cum all over Ted's fist that was still wrapped around his cock.

Buster lifted up and the slimy cock slithered out of his ass. He felt sticky cum dripping out of his butt.

He grabbed Ted's cummy hand and licked his fingers clean of the cum that he'd spilled there.

"Know who loves you, Daddy?"

Ted remained silent. He turned on the lamp on the nightstand.

"Say everything's all tight. I'll make it up to you!" Buster pleaded.

Ted smacked the blond hard across the face.

Buster's head reeled and he felt the taste of warm blood trickle in his mouth. Ted pulled Buster's blond locks until tears filled the boy's eyes.

"Beat me, Daddy. I deserve it. Just don't throw me out."

Ted was in a rage. "Lousy punk sonofabitch! I trusted you. I even loved you, you fucking whore. And you treated me like shit."

Ted slammed his fist hard into Buster's mouth.

Buster's mouth filled with blood and his head throbbed. He ran his tongue over his gums and discovered that his two front teeth had been knocked out.

Buster was on the floor and Ted was kicking him in the ribs. He thought Ted was going to kill him. It was no longer the fantasy pain and pleasure of sexual arousal.

"Cheating, lying punk. Lazy, rotten mother-fucker!" Ted screamed as he punched Buster again and again.

"Stop, Ted. Stop it!" Buster's left eye was swollen shut. He couldn't see a thing out of it.

Suddenly everything turned red. Ted kept beating him and calling him names.

Buster escaped down the hallway to the door. A sharp kick in the back knocked him down.

In the frenzy, Buster lurched for Ted's gun that was lying on top of the dresser.

The gunshot blast echoed inside Buster's head.

Sirens wailed. Police broke down the door.

Buster heard a cop's voice say, "The man's dead."

He felt the metal cuffs dig into his flesh.

When Buster stirred into consciousness, he was wearing an orange jail jumpsuit and was lying in a cell.

He tried to piece together the events of what had happened but it was like looking into a shattered mirror.

His body ached with pain. He couldn't believe the nightmare had happened again. He'd killed Ted! He remembered the shot and the cop saying the man was dead.

He couldn't go through it again, not the trial, not back to prison. Miss Dean, Joel and Marti were just shadowy people, not his family.

Now that Ted was gone, Buster came to realize that there was no hairy daddy bear to take care of him. He was alone just like before.

When they came to Damon Hawkson's cell the next morning they found a nude body hanging, garroted by a sheet.

THE END